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*Editors of The Intelligencer
With Respects of
The Author*

ORATION,

BEFORE THE

HIBERNIAN PROVIDENT SOCIETY.

BY

W. E. ROBINSON.

exp.



ST. PATRICK AND THE IRISH.

AN

ORATION,

PRONOUNCED BEFORE THE

HIBERNIAN PROVIDENT SOCIETY,

OF

NEW HAVEN,

MARCH 17, 1842.

BY

WILLIAM ERIGENA ROBINSON, A. B.

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W. E. Robinson and several others are *honorary* members of the Society. The names of the *active* members only, are inserted in this list.

R E M A R K S.

THE Society before which the following Oration was delivered, was organized, by a few Irishmen resident in New Haven, on the 25th of January, 1841. On the 3d of February following, a Constitution and By-Laws were read and adopted; and on the 17th of the same month, officers of the Society were chosen. At the funeral solemnities in memory of our lamented President HARRISON, the Society made its first public appearance, April 17th, 1841, and attracted much attention, as it was the first Hibernian Society ever seen in New Haven. The newspapers of our city praised its appearance, and JAMES G. PERCIVAL, Esq., wrote the following lines, accompanied by some complimentary remarks, which were published in the New Haven Daily Herald, of April 20th, with the exception of the last stanza, which he afterwards furnished to Mr. Robinson. They are here copied complete, and show the cordiality with which the poet speaks the language of the Irish emigrant.

O! Erin, green gem, that lies all in the sea,
So rich in *paratys*, and warm Irish hearts;
When I think that a jewel, so rare, isn't free,
The tear of regret from my full bosom starts.

O! there is the home of my childhood, the spot
Where I first dug the turf by the side of the moor:
Though humble and rude was my father's low cot,
To the stranger stood open his heart and his door.

And that home of my childhood shall ne'er be forgot;
Of its green sod I'll think, while my green badge I wear:
O! I wish they'd as free and as happy a lot,
The friends I left under the Sassenagh there.

God's blessing be on thee, my own native isle;
Ever fresh be thy Shamrock, and stout thy Shillelagh:
May the green flag of Union soon over thee smile,
And every true Irish heart under it rally.

And sure every son of his father 'll be
 A patriot pure, in so glorious a cause ;
 And sure, then, sweet Ireland, the land of the free,
 Shall ring with Te-Deums and Erin-go-braghs.

At a General Assembly of the State of Connecticut, holden at Hartford, in May, 1841, ROGER S. BALDWIN, Esq., of New Haven, presented a petition for an act of incorporation, which was granted at the same session. At a regular meeting of the Society, December 7th, it was resolved to have a public celebration on the following Patrick's day, and the officers of the Society were appointed a committee to invite W. E. ROBINSON, Esq., of New Haven, to deliver an Oration on that occasion ; to which he consented. It was also resolved to have a new banner painted, and new badges provided for the members. Mr. ROBINSON was requested to furnish designs for the banner, which he did at a subsequent meeting, and they were approved. The Society gave their first annual ball on Monday, January 3d, 1842, the proceeds of which were given to pay the expenses of the banner. At the celebration on Patrick's day, every thing went off well, and every one was highly pleased. A very large and respectable audience assembled in the Saloon, to hear the address of Mr. ROBINSON, great numbers being unable to gain admittance. The following account of the proceedings is copied from the New Haven Daily Herald, edited by THOMAS G. WOODWARD, Esq.

Yesterday, the 17th, the day of the canonization of the patron saint of old Ireland, was celebrated for the first time in this city, by the New Haven Hibernian Provident Society. Ample preparations had been made for the occasion, by providing appropriate badges and other insignia, including a beautiful banner, painted by Mr. Mitchell, of this city, which does honor both to the artist and the gentleman who designed it. On one side it represents St. Patrick, in his sacerdotal robes, with his Bishop's mitre and Apostolic crosier, preaching before King Leogaire, his Queen, and the Druids, at Tara's Hall. He holds in his right hand the three leaved Shamrock, from which he deduces the doctrine of the Trinity—three in one—in opposition to the dogmas of the Druids—the faithful *wolf dog* of Ireland crouching at the king's feet—the darkness of Paganism and the serpents of the Isle flying before the face of the Apostle.

On the reverse is a portrait of Gen. Montgomery, representing the adopted citizen, attended by the Genius of Ireland resting on a Harp, clothed in white and green, delivering to Washington, who represents the native citizen, a scroll inscribed with the word *Quebec*,—in the distance, the temple and the goddess of liberty. Over all the national eagle spreads his wings, bearing in his beak a scroll, with the mottos, "*E Pluribus Unum*" and "*Erin go bragh*."

We believe every portion of our fellow citizens was gratified with the display of the *Hibernian Society*, comprising the great body of our Irish population, and showing the rank and character which they are assuming in society. No congregated body of our citizens has ever appeared in a more orderly manner, nor in a more respectable character, than the associated Irishmen of this city. We give a detailed account of their proceedings, which would have been more full, if time had permitted.

The Society assembled at 8 o'clock A. M., in the Society's Hall, in Street's Building, and about 9, led by the band of the New Haven Blues, proceeded through Chapel and York streets, to the Catholic Church, on Mount Pleasant, where religious exercises were performed, and a sermon preached by the Rev. Mr. SMYTH, the Pastor of the Church. Mr. S. gave a graphic sketch of the early history of Ireland; its various colonies, its ancient glory, customs, and manners, down to the time of St. Patrick's mission, whose services and character he illustrated with much enthusiasm. After contrasting the renown and prosperity of the country under her own kings and laws, with the misery and degradation which British misgovernment has brought upon her, he concluded by an exhortation to the congregation to observe the day in a becoming manner, assuring them that the vengeance of heaven would overtake those who should desecrate such a day by any species of profaneness or immorality.

During the services the choir of the Church, assisted by Mr. COOKE on the organ, performed *Hail Glorious Apostle*, and several other pieces of music, in excellent style.

After divine service in the Church, the Society proceeded through Broad, George, and State streets, to their room, where they dispersed for dinner.

At half past 2 P. M., they again formed, and marched through

State, Elm, York, and Chapel streets, to the Exchange Saloon, where the following exercises took place.

1. Song, by Mr. PHŒBUS—written by J. G. PERCIVAL, Esq., of New Haven, for the occasion.

AIR—"Patrick's Day."

Hail! to the morning, when first he ascended,
The Jewel of Erin, the Saint, and the Sage—
O! long may the rays of his glory be blended,
In harmony clear, on the poet's page.

Long may the sainted Patrick bless us,
Long as the flow'rs of Erin smile.

True-hearted Irishmen ever shall follow him—
Ever pure pray'rs from warm bosoms shall hallow him—
Praises resound through each consecrate pile:
And O! may his spirit awake to redress us,
And rescue from tyrants our sacred isle.

Hark! to the voice, that through Connaught resounded,
Aloft from her mountain so high and so green.—
It spake—through that gem, by the bright ocean bounded,
No venomous creature again was seen.

Roses and shamrocks filled each valley—
Green waved the oak above each hill:

Health, in each eye, sparkled clear as the fountain;
Pure was each kiss, as the dew of the mountain;
Swelled every bosom with joy, to its fill—
But O! he forgot, with his trusty shillelagh,
To crush that foul Hydra, the worm of the still.

Hark! to the voice, that, through Erin resounding,
Awakens the spirits of freemen again.—
It calls, and the hearts of old Ireland are bounding—
As they beat, snap the steel links of slavery's chain!

Millions there wake to pride and glory—

Think of their sires, the strong and free!
Millions too, warm with a patriot's devotion,
Send their fond wishes across the wide ocean,
Erin! O beautiful Erin! to thee;
For O! thou art rescued, and ever in story,
Thy Patrick and Matthew united shall be.

2. Oration, by WM. E. ROBINSON, Esq., a son of the Emerald Isle, which chained and charmed the attention of a large and respectable audience for nearly two hours. The address of Mr. R. (who is a graduate of Yale College) was such as to do honor to the occasion, and to the intelligence which a Yankee education has

added to the genius of an Irishman, smarting under the ills of national degradation, fired with the eloquence of Curran and Grattan, and inspired with the patriotism of all the heroic sons of his native land. With a little deduction in comparing the merits of native and adopted citizens, his address was not only unexceptionable in its general characteristics, but was an honorable effort of an intuitive and intelligent mind to do justice to the Irish character, with a natural devotion to the best interests of his countrymen and the country of their adoption. We think it is worthy of publication, and hope that the public will be favored with it in a shape which will render it accessible to all, and at least give greater scope to much legendary lore, if it should not render any contribution to general and familiar history. It was all that either could be desired or expected on such an occasion, and gave the utmost satisfaction to all who heard it.

3. Song, by Dr. J. J. STONE—written for the occasion by WM. E. ROBINSON, Esq., of New Haven.

AIR—"Savournah Deelish."

Dear Isle of the ocean, farewell to thy mountains!

Farewell to the graves where my forefathers sleep!

Farewell to thy green hills, thy pure sparkling fountains!

Farewell, though at parting the exile must weep!

Soon may the light of thy noon-day be blended

In glory, with rays of thy morning so splendid;

Soon may thy winter of anguish be ended,

Erin Mavourneen—Erin go Bragh.

Columbia, hail! see a heart broken stranger,

Rejoicing in hope, sets his foot on thy shore;

Thy free Institutions shall guard him from danger—

The chains of oppression shall bind him no more.

For thee, his heart swells with a patriot's devotion;

For thee, are his prayers offered up on the ocean;

Yet tearful and sad is the silent emotion,

Which still bears his heart back to Erin go Bragh.

Great land! where the ashes of Barry now slumber;

Where Irish Montgomery hallows the ground;

Where Erin's Mac Nevin and Emmet we number,

With those whom American laurels have crowned.

Great land of their *graves*! while I live I shall bless thee;

Dear land of their *birth*, may no tyrants oppress thee:

Dear land of my fathers, I grieve to address thee,

With Erin Mavourneen, Slan-lat go Bragh.*

* Ireland, my darling, farewell forever.

4. The exercises were concluded with a song by Mr. PHÆBUS, written for the occasion by Rev. JOHN PIERPONT, of Boston.

AIR—"A fine old English Gentleman."

Saint Patrick was a clever saint, that drove the snakes and frogs,
And all the other varmint out of Erin's lakes and bogs ;
And so, upon this blessed day that tells us of his birth,
Do Erin's children celebrate, with songs and festive mirth,
That fine old Irish patron saint, that lived in olden time.

The poets tell of Harkyles,—but don't believe their blarney—
Who killed the hundred headed hydra, in the lake of Larney,
Tho' it is evident the Greek could never have done that trick ;
The lake was, sure, *Kil-larney's* lake, and Harkyles St. Patrick,
That fine old Irish patron saint, that lived in olden time.

But Erin has a greater saint than he that, from her lakes,
Drove all the croaking frogs away, and from her land the snakes ;
It is the Temp'rance Harkyles that God has sent to kill
The leaden serpent that lies coiled and hissing by the still ;
A finer saint than e'er was born, e'en in the olden time.

Far better that St. Patrick's snakes through Erin's vales should glide,
With all the frogs he crushed to death, and all the toads beside,
Than let the streams of usquebaugh among her children flow :—
Then here's to Father Matthew, in a cup as pure as snow ;—
A finer saint than e'er was born, e'en in the olden time.

At the close of the proceedings, three several hearty cheers were given for the Orator of the day, Mr. PERCIVAL, and Rev. Mr. PIERPONT, the gentlemen who sung the songs, the Music, and the Press.

The Society then proceeded through Church, Elm, Temple, and Chapel streets, to their room, stopping on their way opposite Mr. PERCIVAL's residence, where the band played *St. Patrick's Day*, the air to which his beautiful lines were composed.

At their room, votes of thanks were passed to J. G. PERCIVAL, Esq. Rev. JOHN PIERPONT, and W. E. ROBINSON, Esq., for the songs so kindly furnished for the occasion ; to Dr. STONE and Mr. PHÆBUS, for their very acceptable services ; to the marshals of the day—Messrs. W. COLDWELL and C. FAGAN—for the manner in which they had discharged their duties, and to the band of the New Haven Blues. A vote of thanks was carried by three cheers for the Orator ; several appropriate sentiments were offered, and after hearing *Yankee Doodle* by the band, the Society adjourned at 6 o'clock P. M.

ORATION.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

WE have met together, this day, to commemorate the services of one of the most distinguished benefactors of mankind. More than fourteen centuries have passed, since the great apostle of Ireland raised the cross of Christ in that island, on the ruins of paganism. One thousand three hundred and seventy-seven years ago, this day, the sainted PATRICK, having rested from his labors on earth, was carried, with songs of praise, to the mansions of eternal rest. Yet the waves of time have not quenched our love for one who has done so much for our country. The memory of the just is still held in reverence among us ; and our hearts still beat high with feelings of veneration for him who, leaving the land of his birth for a strange and pagan country, devoted a life of self-denial and piety to the moral regeneration of Ireland. Here, in a land then unknown—under free institutions, which Irish hands have assisted in building up—blessed with liberty bought by the blood of Irishmen—in the land of Washington and Montgomery, we meet this day, to bless the benefactor of our native land.

The early history of Ireland is as bright as her modern history is dark and cloudy. Before England was known among the nations of the earth, the Irish were a refined and polished people. One thousand years before the birth of Christ, Ireland was peopled, and connected with Phœnicia through commerce. Homer doubtless had reference to the places in commercial intercourse with Phœnicia, when he described his Elysian fields. A work written by Aristotle, or at least by a

contemporary of that great philosopher, refers to Ireland ; and the "Argonautica," supposed to have been written from six to ten centuries before Christ, describes "Ierne." Every writer, who gave his attention to the history and geography of the world, from that time to Tacitus, who lived in the first century of the Christian era, has referred to Ireland. Tacitus, in the twenty-fourth chapter of his *Agricola*, tells us, that "the waters and harbors of Ireland were better known, through the resort of commerce and navigators, than those of Britain." Ptolemy, Plutarch, Diodorus Siculus, Strabo, and Pliny the elder, have all referred to Ireland, with much more precision than to any of the other nations of western Europe. From time immemorial, Ireland was called the "sacred isle," owing to the performance of religious exercises by the merchants of Tyre and others, who traded with the west, for the tin of Cassiterides, as early as the times of David and Solomon.

I do not say that all the legend and poetry of ancient Irish history should command belief. It has been the misfortune of the country to be wronged, both by historians and by rulers. Those who wished to destroy the nationality of Ireland, (among whom Giraldus Cambrensis has obtained an unenviable notoriety,) burned the most valuable records of her ancient glory, and exposed to ridicule the tradition and other remaining memorials of her fame. For this purpose, books have been written on the "Wonders of Ireland," in which her genuine legend and tradition have been so metamorphosed and exaggerated, as to shake all belief in her ancient history. Others, who have attempted, with honest hearts, to write truth, have been deceived, by these crafty defamers, into a belief of the most incredible absurdities, which they have transmitted as the true history of Ireland, and thereby have shaken the belief of the world in every argument urged in favor of her great antiquity. Most of her historians, too, have been ignorant of the Irish language ; and those who professed to be best acquainted with it, have made very ridiculous blunders,

in tracing the names of men and places back to the roots from which they are derived.

But, notwithstanding all these disadvantages, Ireland may well be proud of the history of her olden time. No people can boast of clearer evidence of great antiquity and renown. Though no nation can give any thing more than poetic legend and uncertain dates, for very early history, yet Ireland can furnish strong evidence that letters were known to her people, probably as early as the writing of the Pentateuch of Moses. That her alphabet was not derived either from the Greeks or Romans, is evident from the fact, that it corresponds in number with neither, but with the original alphabet of Cadmus, which was introduced from Phœnicia to Greece, about fifteen centuries before the commencement of the Christian era. The Irish language is the best preserved dialect of the ancient Celtic, which all acknowledge to have been the earliest brought from the East by the immediate descendants of Noah. The belief, therefore, that the Irish language was used by Adam, in his conversation with Eve, in Eden, is not so ridiculous nor so improbable as some, without reflection, might suppose. The sixteen letters of the Cadmean alphabet are now found in no other language save the Irish, and that has not, like others, changed as time rolled by, but still remains the same, though used by the people of Ireland for probably more than three thousand years. England claims the honor of having assembled the first Parliament in the British isles, ten or twelve centuries after Christ; but the most sceptical of Irish historians acknowledge that Ollamh Fodhla, who, according to some historians, was contemporaneous with Lycurgus, the lawgiver of Sparta, established a triennial Parliament at the royal palace of Tara, where the three orders, Monarch, Druids, and Plebeians, assembled to make laws for the nation. At the meetings of this great convention, the records of the country were examined, and arranged in the national register, called the *Psalter of Tará*. Music, poetry, and medicine, were taught in schools and colleges, which this great and

learned monarch patronized. Heraldry, too, was studied by his directions, and at the festivals given in the great hall of Tara, during the sitting of the convention, the members took their seats under their appropriate coats of arms, which were arranged around the hall. I might likewise refer to the learning of Cormac Ulfadha, the military renown of Finn M'Cumhal, (Fingal,) the integrity of Moran, the chief judge of the nation. I might dwell upon the renown of Ossian, the Irish poet, and trace the history of her military monarchs, Conn of a Hundred Battles, Nial of the Nine Hostages, and other kings who fought against the Roman power, both by land and sea, and who followed the legions of the imperial city through Britain and Gaul, even to the foot of the Alps, where Dathy, the last pagan monarch of Ireland, was killed by lightning ; but I have said enough to show the absurdity of those historians who commence the history of Ireland with the invasion of Henry II., when it really terminated, and of those who date the first dawn of learning among the Irish, from the mission of St. Patrick.

The Roman power, which was a scourge to the other nations of Europe, was destined to be a blessing to Ireland. Though it had conquered England, and Gaul, and Germany, it found in Irish valor a serious obstacle to its design of universal dominion over Europe. To understand the position which the Irish occupied about the commencement of the Christian era, it is necessary to remember that they exclusively were the Scots, whose alliance with the Picts of Caledonia, forced the Romans to build great walls across the island to prevent their destructive inroads. What we now call Scotland, obtained its Scottish name and Scottish people from Ireland, about the middle of the third century, when Carbry Riadha, grandson of the Irish monarch, Conn, established an Irish colony in Argyleshire, which became the kingdom of Scotland, after the conquest of the Picts by Keneth Mac Alpine, from whom James the Sixth of Scotland, when ascending the English throne, claimed that he was a lineal descend-

ant. Sir Walter Scott, who would never surrender to another country what belonged to his native Caledonia, in his history of Scotland, acknowledges that historians "must trace the original roots of the royal line" in these Irish chiefs of Argyleshire. Sir James McIntosh, Edmund Burke, Plowden, Leland, and a host of Scotch, Irish, and English historians, have acknowledged that in early European history, Ireland exclusively was known as Scotland, and the Irish as Scots.

These Scots harassed the Romans, not only in Britain, but in Gaul and Germany; and Dathy, as we have seen, in his daring design of crossing the Alps, as Hannibal had done a few centuries before, was killed by lightning from heaven. The poet Claudian, referring to these Irish warriors says, that "the Scot moved all Ireland, and the ocean foamed with his hostile oars." Thus wafted across the seas in their currachs, or wicker boats, the Irish, under their monarch, Nial of the Nine Hostages, besieged the city of Tours, then a Roman fortress, and captured it. Nial returned to Ireland with two hundred prisoners, who, according to the custom of the country, were sold into slavery. Among these were young Patrick, then about sixteen years of age, and his two sisters, Lupida and Dererca.

As historians differ from each other, in relating the time and place of his birth, I shall follow Moore, whose valuable work, published originally in Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, is the best history of Ireland ever written.

Patrick was born A. D. 387, in that part of France which is called Boulogne. His father, Calphurn, supposed by some to be of Roman descent, and by others, to be descended from Jewish captives, brought to Rome by Titus, after the destruction of Jerusalem, A. D. 70, held a political office for some time, which he afterwards abandoned, and having entered into holy orders, became a deacon. His mother, Conchessa, was a native of France. His original name was Succath, but when the Pope conferred upon him the Patrician order, the *title* of Patricius supplanted the baptismal *name*.

On arriving a captive in Ireland, A. D. 403, Patrick was sold to one Milcho, living in that part of Ireland now known as Antrim, who appointed the youthful slave as his shepherd. The mountain, now called Sliebh-Miss, or the Mountain of the Moon, was the place he chose for his meditation and prayer. After seven years' slavery, Patrick returned to the Continent, and studied at Tours for about four years. Having spent about twenty years more in study and meditation on lonely islands, and in secluded retreats of piety, he visited Rome, with recommendations from St. German to the Pope. Ireland had still been before his youthful imagination. From his own pen we learn that he had thought so much about her, that she was present with him whether sleeping or waking; and in dreams he saw a messenger, bearing a scroll, on which were written these words, "The voice of the Irish."

Though Palladius had been sent by Pope Celestine to Ireland, and though several other Christians had visited, or were natives of the island; though Pelagius, and his disciple Celestius, who were both Irishmen, had disseminated their peculiar doctrines among some of the people; yet Ireland had not renounced paganism. The old Irish proverb, "Not to Palladius, but to Patrick, did God grant the conversion of Ireland," shows that Christianity had scarce been known, when Patrick arrived in the country. The ancient Irish worshiped the sun, as Bel, whose rites they celebrated, not in temples made with hands, but in the grove of oaks, which the great Supreme Being had raised for his own worship, and had covered in his own rich livery of green, and in whose honor two fires were kindled in every district on the first of May. The moon, too, under the name of Re, had her appropriate worship, and on her altar a fire was kindled on the first of November, from which the winter hearths of the people were lighted. Groves and wells, stones and pillars, were consecrated to idols, and in the plain of Magh Sleachth, or Field of Slaughter, human victims were offered in sacrificing to their great Crom-Cruagh,

who was surrounded by twelve lesser idols, representing, most probably, the twelve signs of the Zodiac. The round towers of Ireland, about which so much has been written, but concerning the use and origin of which no antiquarian has given any definite account, and which have existed, probably, since the days of Solomon, when Tyre, Egypt, and Ireland were united through Phœnician commerce, were, probably, used in the worship of the god Bel, for taking observations on heavenly bodies, and thus determining the equinoctial and solstitial times, by which to regulate the recurrence of religious festivals. Incense was offered in high places, on the hills and under the green trees. The Druids were accustomed to light up blazing fires, and after performing incantations over them, made the herds of cattle to pass through them.

But these things, though interesting, must not be dwelt upon here. These dark superstitions, and the reign of idolatry, were doomed to pass away before the light of Christianity. The sun, which the Irish had been accustomed to worship, was soon to yield his honors and glory to a brighter luminary. In his own simple language, St. Patrick told them, that "the sun, which we behold, rises daily, at the command of God, for our use; yet will he never reign, nor shall his splendor endure; and all those who adore him will descend wretchedly into punishment. But we believe and adore the true Sun, Christ." The captive boy had grown to be a Bishop of the Church of Rome, and thus clothed with apostolic power, he returned to the land of his adoption, A. D. 432, bearing the words of life eternal to a brave and learned, yet still pagan people.

Patrick first landed near Dublin, but meeting with much opposition there, he reëmbarked, and landed in Ulster, in the north of Ireland, near what is now called Strangford. After converting many of the northern people, and visiting his former master, Milcho, (who obstinately refused to be converted, and, as some historians tell us, hearing that his son and two daughters had forsaken the religion of their fathers, set fire

to his house, and threw himself into the flames,) Patrick visited the hall of Tara, where a great meeting of the princes and hierarchs of the nation was assembled.

On the eve of the festival of Easter, Patrick pitched his tent for the night, in the neighborhood of Tara, where the monarch Leogaire and the assembled princes were celebrating the rites of their sun-worship, and there, at night-fall, kindled the paschal fire. As the law was that no fire should be kindled, except by flame obtained from the altar of Bel, which had not yet been lighted, the king was angry, and the Druids, speaking with prophetic truth, exclaimed, "This fire, which has now been kindled before our eyes, unless extinguished this very night, will never be extinguished throughout all time. Moreover, it will tower above all the fires of our ancient rites, and he who lights it will ere long scatter your kingdom." Indignant as the king was, he nevertheless consented to hear Patrick preach the following day, and dispute with the most learned of the Druids. So convincing were the arguments of the apostle, that the arch-poet, Dubtach, was converted, and the monarch exclaimed, "it is better that I should believe than die." The queen, if not also the monarch, was converted, together with their two daughters. It was on this occasion, that Patrick, when told by the Druids that the doctrine of the Trinity was absurd, as three could not exist in one, stooped down, and pulling a shamrock, which has three leaves on one stem, replied, "To prove the reality and possibility of the existence of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, I have only to pluck up this humble plant, on which we have trodden, and convince you that truth can be attested by the simplest symbol of illustration." This is the scene with which the artist has ornamented one side of your beautiful banner.

Aongus, king of Munster, sent to Tara for Patrick. He accompanied the messengers to Cashel, and there converted the king, who immediately requested the saint to administer the sacrament of baptism. Patrick, delighted to hear the

request, fastened the sharp point of his crosier in the floor, and inadvertently pierced the royal foot. The king, supposing that this was part of the ceremony, bore the pain with becoming fortitude. The Irish painter, Barry, the friend of Burke, has given one of his master efforts on this subject.

The apostle made a journey into Connaught, passing through the county Leitrim, where the Plain of Slaughter was situated, and where the bloody idol Crom-Cruagh, to which, as of old to Moloch, children were offered in sacrifice, was worshiped. This idol, with his worship, Patrick destroyed, and raised in its stead a Christian church. During the season of Lent, he retired to the lofty mountain, now known as Croagh-Patrick, which overlooks Clew bay, in the county Mayo. According to traditionary story, it was from this hill that St. Patrick, having collected all the venomous creatures together, drove them into the sea—to which PERCIVAL, in the lines which he has written for this celebration, refers :

“ Hark ! to the voice, that through Connaught resounded,
Aloft from her mountain so high and so green.—
It spake—through that gem, by the bright ocean bounded,
No venomous creature again was seen.”

Here, on the heights of an untrodden mountain, the prayers of the pious Patrick rose to heaven for his much-loved Ireland. And no wonder that the people, as they saw sea-fowls and birds of prey attracted thither by the strange sight of a human being in so unfrequented a region, readily believed that evil spirits came obedient to his will, and that every relic of poisoned superstition was banished by him, who could command even flocks of winged demons to obey.

At great assemblies of the people—at meetings convened for settling the succession to any of the thrones of Ireland—Patrick was ever present. At one of these assemblies, it is said that the seven princes-royal who were disputing about the succession to the throne of their deceased father, were

converted, together with twelve thousand people, who were soon afterwards baptized by him.

After visiting almost every part of Connaught, he made another journey to Ulster, founded in Derry and Tyrone the cathedrals of Derry and Clogher, passed the river Bann, at Coleraine, where he erected a church and an abbey, and then returned to Armagh, where, pleased with the beauty of the spot, he resolved to build a great cathedral, splendid above all the other churches in the island. The Metropolitan Cathedral of Ireland was here built by Patrick, about the year 445. Since that time, Armagh has been the ecclesiastical Capital of the island, and here, at present, is the seat of the Lord Primate.

Among the monasteries, which he founded in Meath, Dublin, Kildare, Carlow, Armagh, Louth, Longford, Antrim, Derry, Tyrone, Roscommon, Sligo, Fermanagh, and almost every other county in Ireland, was one at Lough-Derg, in the county Donegal, to which he frequently retired in after life, to devote himself entirely to fasting, meditation, and prayer. On this very island, at the present time, the people are accustomed to assemble for prayer, fasting, and penance, as their great apostle set them the example fourteen centuries ago.

From Armagh, Patrick went to Dublin, where he had before been unsuccessful. On the evening of his arrival, a son of Alphin, the chief of the city, was drowned in the river Liffey. The lady of Alphin, though a pagan, ran to the Christian apostle, and, on her knees, implored him to come and pray over her child. Moved by her sufferings, he went with her and knelt by the body of the child, which had just been taken from the water; and having touched it with his crosier, which was called *the staff of Jesus*, it recovered, and was given to the arms of its weeping mother. Alphin, his family, and his people were converted, and a portion of land was presented to the saint, as a token of gratitude, on which a church was built, and which is now the site of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin.

Though very successful in his apostolic mission, Patrick's life was not all a smooth current, even in his labors of love for Ireland. On one occasion, while passing through what is now called King's county, his charioteer, Odran, who had learnt the intention of a desperate chieftain to attack the saint, and finding no other way to save him, under the pretence of being sick or fatigued prevailed upon Patrick to exchange seats, and so the servant received the lance which was intended for his master. This, to the credit of Ireland be it told, is the only martyr in the history of the introduction of Christianity to the island. In his confession, Patrick acknowledges that he used to make presents to the unconverted kings, and to use other means for preventing a general persecution. This was his plan for recommending the charitable doctrines of the gospel, and it would be well if some modern *apostles* would imitate his example, rather than proscribe, persecute, and slander, as is too often the case. On another occasion, a design was planned for taking away his life, by a band of robbers. The chief bandit he not only baffled in his designs upon his life, but actually brought him to profess the Christian religion. Patrick imposed upon him as a penance, that he should take one of the frail currachs or leathern boats, and with no clothing, save a coarse garment, should trust himself to the waves and winds for his safety. The penitent obeyed, and was carried to the Isle of Man, where he was afterwards bishop of the island.

A British prince, named Coroticus, who professed to be a Christian, invaded Ireland, and plundered the people of a district, in Munster, where Patrick had been baptizing the day previous. Some were murdered, and some taken prisoners and sold to the Pictish chiefs, who were then warring against England. Patrick, in a letter to this pirate, which, besides his confession, is the only piece of his writing now extant, denounced him as a robber and a murderer, and, as bishop of Ireland, declares him to be excommunicated.

During the remainder of his life, the good Patrick visited

the several churches, and encouraged learning among the people. It is said that he wrote with his own hand, three hundred copies of the alphabet. After a long life of piety, usefulness, and fame, the saint of Ireland sank to rest, at the age of seventy-eight, or, as some say, at the age of one hundred and twenty, revered by all who knew him. Where darkness had been till the star of his advent appeared, his light went out peacefully, and blended with the glory of the gospel sun. No pomp heralded his coming; no mailed armies guarded his dying bed; but the hosts of heaven were sent on their wings of light, to bear the saint to his place of rest; and as they bore him with songs of praise over the fleecy drapery of heaven, the sounds of angelic praises sung to his name, have been caught from heaven, and reëchoed from earth, and still live fresh and undying among a warm-hearted and grateful people. In Downpatrick, near the place where he tended his sheep in slavery, his ashes now repose.

“ In Down, three saints one grave do fill,
Patrick, Bridget, and Columb Kille.”

Here his sainted bones rested, and here were his shrine and the offerings of piety which adorned it, till the Protestant religion was introduced by Henry VIII., when the venerable relics, including the crosier or staff of Jesus, by which, it is said, he performed his miracles, were destroyed. It is revolting to look upon the means with which the political and religious subjugation of Ireland has been attempted. The annals of her fame and glory were burned by the Vandals of Henry II.; and the venerated memorials of her religion were destroyed by the Goths of Henry VIII. But the same barbarous policy caused the destruction of the records of Welsh and Scottish literature, as well as of Irish learning, that tyrants might subjugate a people by removing from their minds the memory of their former greatness.

Some have pretended to doubt whether ever St. Patrick had an existence, unless in the brain of some Irish enthusiast;

for which the grave reason is assigned, that the time and place of his birth are disputed. Let us then apply the rule to another great man in history, Homer. What was the year, or where was the place in which Homer was born? But it is said that the miraculous stories told of Patrick are a proof against his existence;—that he swam to Scotland on a millstone, came back in two ships, and fasted thirty-six hours out of every twenty-four, appear to be incredible stories, but do they prove his non-existence? The stories which we read concerning Hercules, Achilles, and Ulysses, we do not believe; but they strengthen our belief that such men really had an existence. If the exploits of Greek and Roman demi-gods are said to be the day-dreams of classic poetry, why not give Patrick the benefit of the same rule, for Irishmen have been poetically inclined too? The date and place of his birth are not so uncertain as we might expect, after the care that has been taken to cast doubt and difficulty around the subject. Though some have claimed that he was a native Irishman, and others assert that he was a Welshman, though some contend that he was a Lowland Scot, and others that he was a Highland Scot, it is still pretty generally acknowledged that he was a native of Gaul, as I have already stated. Scotland has attempted to take every thing Irish to herself. Old Irish Oisín and Fin M'Cumhal she has carried forcibly away, and baptized them as Scottish Ossian and Fingal; and she would appropriate St. Patrick too. But even Ireland cannot claim the honor of his birth—she can only claim his heart and his life of piety.

But why are there any who doubt concerning his existence? Suppose, if you can, that all the books which mention the name, or treat of the history of America, should be destroyed, or the few that might escape, have, from long obscurity, their authenticity doubted; suppose that ten or twelve centuries of doubt and suspicion should roll their oblivious waves over the few remnants saved from Vandal hands; and suppose that still Washington counties, and Washington towns, and Washington mountains, should dot the country over, in spite of

every attempt to extinguish the name ; that Washington's name should still continue a watchword, and that every family circle should have it among them, and on their tongues, known and heard by all men ; could any one doubt that a Washington had once existed ? Yet such is the case with Patrick ; numerous cathedrals bear his honored name, and point to heaven, where his spirit dwells, for confirmation of his existence. The wells and islands, the lakes and mountains, the towns and cities, stamp his name and history indelibly on the soil. Every family, in filial reverence for the saint, has its Patrick. His name still lives in the hearts of the people. If these facts are not enough to convince any man of St. Patrick's existence, I must leave him to hopeless infidelity. The great Usher, of Ireland, and Camden, of England, together with Whittaker, Keating, Mosheim, Harris, Ware, Bale, the venerable Bede, and several others, have referred to him as a real, and not an imaginary character. Usher enumerates sixty-six biographies by different authors. He must be sceptical indeed, who can hold out against all these authorities.

As regards the miracles said to have been performed by St. Patrick, I have but little to say. I see not how we can believe in the existence of miracles at all, and deny that they may have been performed by Patrick. If he was the chosen Apostle of God, sent to convince a pagan nation of their folly, and to turn them to the ways of truth, and if miracles were necessary, can we say that God's arm was shortened, or his will thwarted ? About his banishing the snakes, every one will have his own opinion. It is undeniably true, however, that snakes do not live there. If we say that this was so, even before the advent of Patrick, we still leave the question open, Why is it so ? If Patrick did not banish them, who did ? Why are they absent, though present in colder climates ? Why is Irish soil taken, even at this time, to Wales and other places, to keep away serpents, and why is it that it really keeps them away ? Why is it that Irish clay has been known to kill snakes ? We may not be able to answer these ques-

tions ; and yet I must be permitted to say, that I cannot doubt concerning the miracles of St. Patrick, any more than I can about those of the sacred writings. If there is an overruling Providence in the affairs of men, he cannot look with indifference on the efforts of his saints in his cause. I cannot doubt that God's hand was in Patrick's slavery, as in Joseph's captivity ; or that the same Being who sent the latter miraculously to Egypt, to prepare bread for his servants there, may have interfered to send the former to Ireland, to break the bread of life to a benighted people. But if, still, there are unbelievers among us, there is yet another explanation. The spirits which Patrick saw, and the "voice of the Irish" calling him to come for their deliverance, might readily be seen and heard in a dream. The drowned child which he restored to life, may not have been too long under water to recover ; and the story of the serpents and toads assembling on Croagh-Patrick, to be expelled by the saint from the island, may have easily arisen from the civilization and Christian spirit which he introduced. The banishing of superstition, and the overthrow of Idolatry and its bloody rites, might truly give rise to a belief in the existence of miracles wrought by him.

The 17th of March, you know, is St. Patrick's day. It is the day of his death and canonization. On the 17th of March, A. D. 465, he died. His funeral obsequies lasted for a long time. Every bishop and priest wished to assist in the holy ceremonies ; and so the rites were continued without interruption. The torches kept burning, dispelled the darkness of night, and made the whole time one perpetual day.

Such is the origin of the day we are now celebrating. What a pity that it should not be remembered in a way more becoming the great apostle ; that all Irishmen should not forget party differences and sectarian bigotry, and think only of country on such a day ! Some Irishmen appear to be afraid of celebrating the day, for fear they might thereby encourage Popery. If Popery increases by cultivating a holy reverence for the benefactors of mankind, then I go for encouraging the growth

of Popery. Is there here a man, an American, who will say that CARROLL, of Carrollton, should not be remembered, for fear of encouraging Popery, for he was a Catholic? Will Irishmen cease to venerate Mac Nevin, that they may prevent the growth of Popery? Enough for me to know that he is a benefactor to my native land, to make me honor him, whether he believed in Catholicism or in Protestantism. He cannot be a patriot, who does not love the patriots and benefactors of his own mother country. He is not a safe member for any community, whose heart does not warm with love to the soil of his native land, and with enthusiastic reverence for its patriots.

“Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land;
 Whose heart hath ne’er within him burned,
 As home his footsteps he hath turned,
 From wandering on a foreign strand?
 If such there breathe, go mark him well,
 For him no minstrel’s raptures swell;
 High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth, as wish can claim,
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
 The wretch concentered all in self,
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 And doubly dying, shall go down
 To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
 Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.”

It has been the custom in some cities, and I regret to be compelled to say, it has been the custom here, in New Haven, to mock at the memory of St. Patrick. Allow me to say, that the patriot of one country will never try to dishonor the patriot of another land; and therefore, that any person who insults the memory of Patrick, does all he can to prove that the friends of civil and religious liberty have no place in his affections. Americans need not wonder that Irishmen resist such outrages. There is a golden rule by which it can be explained. Let any human being, I will not say American,

who cannot appreciate the baseness of his own conduct, in ridiculing St. Patrick, ask himself, and let conscience answer, whether he could stand unmoved, in any part of the world, and see WASHINGTON burnt or hung in effigy. If conscience says that he has so far lost the feelings of an American, that he could see such an outrage perpetrated on the memory of the father of our common country, without a *word*, or more appropriately, without a BLOW of remonstrance, then he is just the person to engage in dishonoring the name of PATRICK. Let me say, as one who venerates Washington, and Patrick, too, that I could not be a calm spectator of such an outrage on either, and I know that he who would insult the patriot, the benefactor of any other country, has a heart base enough to ridicule the sainted Washington, unless restrained by fear or interest. He shows that he has no innate love of virtue. He shows that if born in another country, his principles would not restrain him from calling Washington a traitor. Mark the man, then, my American friends, whom you may see deliberately going about this business, and you see a man who, if it was popular, would tie a rope around the neck of our Washington. While I yield to no man in deep and fervent love for Washington, I say that Patrick did more for Ireland, than did Washington for America. As far as the interests of time are less important than the concerns of eternity, so far was Patrick a greater benefactor to Ireland, than Washington to this country. If want of reflection, then, has betrayed any who hear me into conduct so unworthy of an American, let me entreat them to do so no more. Let them ask themselves, on the principles of the golden rule, are we doing to their patron and benefactor, what we could *tolerate*, much less *wish* them to do to ours.

Ireland saw a long period of happiness and glory after the death of St. Patrick. Her hospitality to foreign students who came to her colleges, some of which contained at one time over four thousand students each, was remarkable—they were maintained and educated free of all expense. During the

dark ages, Ireland was the great light of Europe. Charlemagne sought for alliance with the country. His successors had Irishmen, and among them, John Scotus Erigena, for instructors and counselors. Scotland received her missionaries, England sought instruction from her, France received her divines, Italy bowed submissive to her teachers, and all the world at this time looked to her for light and knowledge. But the Danes that ravaged all Europe, soon found their way across to Ireland. Though the great Brian had defeated these marauders in twenty-five battles, and though they were finally expelled from the island, yet they left the people in a miserable condition.

Soon after, in the year 1169, Henry II., by a *base forgery*, which he called a bull of Pope Adrian IV., laid claim to the land of Ireland. Since that time, her history may be summed up in one word—*misgovernment*. Talk not of slavery—boast not of liberty, while more than eight millions groan beneath oppression and accumulated wrong. Hireling ministries, fawning for court favor, and reveling in royal luxury, care not for the cries of the oppressed and bleeding victims of their folly. When will the time come that Ireland can boast of a people united in her cause, as in that bright gleam of sunshine which she had in 1783? When will she resolve to tell the tyrant, as her party colors “blend together in one bow of peace,” that sweet as may be home recollections, tears of tenderness, friendships, hopes, affections, “revenge on a tyrant is sweeter than all.”

Every monarch, without exception, has permitted or encouraged unparalleled acts of cruelty and barbarity, among that long desolated people. Every monarch—unless we except from the black catalogue the present gracious queen, and even in that case, we fear man’s iron heart dams up the fountains of woman’s breast, and prevents them from overflowing Ireland with the blessings of liberty and love—has oppressed and insulted our native land. Every experiment that crime could invent, or madness perform, has been tried

in Irish legislation ; and while the poor victim gasps for the breath of liberty—which has been abstracted from Ireland, by the exhaustion pump of foreign oppression, till, as far as the air of freedom is concerned, it has become almost a perfect vacuum—the heartless experimenters pursue their theories unmoved by its dying agonies. Sir John Davies, an English jurist, who was attorney-general in Ireland about the beginning of the seventeenth century, says, “ If the same system of legislation, which has been pursued with respect to Ireland, had been adopted by Satan, in his dominions, it would long since have depopulated his empire !” Henry and Elizabeth thrust a religion upon the people, without explaining what that religion was, and penal laws have ever since existed, under one shape or other, to compel the Catholics to renounce the religion of their fathers. Ireland’s religion has been proscribed, its altars burned, its priests exiled and murdered, and the people, with bayonets at their breasts and daggers at their throats, have been dragged, unwilling worshipers, to the altar of a faith which they did not understand and could not receive. The apostle of their own religion, in Ireland, was St. Patrick ; of the new religion, it was Henry VIII. ; and they could not hesitate long in making a choice. Though educated a Presbyterian, and though once a bigot myself, I thank God that I can speak from my heart this day, when I declare that I look upon every attempt at tampering with another man’s religion, with abhorrence and detestation.

“ Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights by my side
 In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree ?
 Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
 If he kneel not before the same altar with me ?
 * * * * *
 No, perish the hearts and the laws that try
 Truth, valor, or love, by a standard like this.”

It has been the policy of Ireland’s enemies to keep her sons divided ; still, the memory of former intolerance is kept fresh by British statesmen. Her national color, green, is sneered

at, though it is a beautiful color. It is the color which the sun loves to look upon, and in which, for his own pleasure, he has clothed the fields, and meadows, and woods of our globe. Her patriots' names are reviled, her saint dishonored, and the very rivers that beautify her scenery, are the watchwords of strife.

Vanquished Erin might well sit weeping by the river Boyne, formerly the beautiful stream on whose banks the sounds of Tara's harp were heard, celebrating the glories of the country and of her kings; but now the river beneath whose waters the poisoned arrows of party strife are seen.

“ ‘ When will this end, ye Powers of good’ ?
 She weeping asks, for ever ;
 But only hears, from out that flood,
 The demon answer, ‘ never.’ ”

Ireland's sons, like her poetry, are a curious mixture of melancholy and levity. The tear and the smile too often sparkle on the same cheek together. Her morning sun is too often clouded as soon as it has arisen. By a wonderful absurdity in the world's history, her patriots names must not be mentioned in the land for which they lived and died. The harp is silent in her ruined halls, or buried beneath the desolations which strangers have scattered over the land; or if another note from its chords is heard, it is but the sound of one that breaks to tell that still she, dying, lives. Her best population, as emigrants, are on the ocean, whose waves dance lightly to their still unvanquished music, or murmur back, with sullen moan, the sighs of a broken heart. The vale that is sweetest in the wide world, smiles not for its own natives, but is dark and dreary by foreign oppression. The waves of time roll over the wrecks of her former greatness, whose glories still struggle through the dark waters that entomb them. Traitors fill the highest offices of the land they have betrayed, and the faithful, who have loved and defended her, have met the dungeon and the scaffold for their fidelity. The very light which shines on the way of glory, is a brand caught from the pile

on which her prosperity has been sacrificed. Seeming to forget home, the Irishman is found in every nation and clime ; yet still his heart, like the faithful ivy, is clinging around the very ruins of his country. *Erin go Bragh* awakens a throb in every Irish heart ; and though his lips murmur the sad *slan-lat*, the smile of conscious pride for his country's glory, looks through the tear which falls for her sufferings. Ah ! little do they think, who see that smile and hear his music, that the heart of the emigrant is breaking, even in its gayest hours. The warm lay of love, the light note of joy, will sometimes breathe from his harp again ; but, with the last vibration of its mournful string, the deep sigh of sadness steals forth once more. The lark's gay measure is the prelude to the plaintive notes of the dying swan, and the wreaths which dress the national harp are too scanty to cover the chains that are upon her. And thus it is with Irish history, character, and poetry. Green oases and sandy deserts, smiling sunshine and weeping storm, literary renown and degrading ignorance, triumphant freedom and heartless slavery, are the elements of her varied condition.

Ireland has been a puzzle to statesmen and philanthropists. A fruitful soil, a starving population, great light and gross darkness, are here seen together. No nation has given to the world greater names, abler statesmen, more successful generals, more eloquent orators, more enchanting poets ; yet the Irishman is too often received with an open or half-concealed sneer. Once, Ireland was second to no nation, in literary renown. To her shores, from every part of Europe, came many, to enjoy the privileges which she bestowed with an open hand. Alfred of Northumberland, if not Alfred the Great, went to her seminaries to complete his education. "Now, none so poor as to do her reverence." Her harp-strings are broken or silent in foreign lands. No more her wild music breathes responsive to the song of liberty. The wail of sorrow, the tumult of disaffection, the sunken eye of famine, have usurped the places of joy, and happiness, and

plenty. Over the wide and selfish world, many a heart-broken stranger wanders, far from a father's home ; or, perhaps living on half sustenance, that he may save something to comfort a fond parent, sinking under the joint influence of age and want ; far from those who cared for him, with no prospect before him, but that of transmitting to his posterity his patrimony of misery and want. On the public works, in the canals, on the railway, there are many, who, with a more beneficent fortune, might be other Currans, to light up even the darkness of their country's oppression with glory. No wonder that Irishmen dwell on the ancient history of their country. No wonder that they tell you of Ireland's connection with Tyre and Egypt ; of their alliances with Noah and Joseph, Moses and the Pharoahs. The farther they can fly from the present time of darkness and sorrow, is the better for them.

England has now been connected with Ireland nearly seven centuries. The seven seals, mentioned in Revelations, have a wonderful similarity to these seven centuries of misgovernment. Almost every seal has something descriptive of the transactions in Ireland during the corresponding century. When the pale horse went out, after the opening of the fourth seal, and he that sat thereon was Death, and Hell followed in the rear, it is truly descriptive of the carnage and desolation which misgovernment scattered over Ireland during the fourth century of English usurpation, from Edward IV. to Elizabeth. The seventh seal was not opened—the seventh century is not closed. In 1169, English *steel* first pierced the victim ; in 1800, English *gold* silenced the wailings of expiring freedom. This long connection has been an unhappy one. The courtship has been marked by hard feelings, hard words, and even by blows from both sides. It began in deceit, was carried on with mutual misunderstanding, and ended in bitter jealousy. The bridal veil could not hide the tears, and the wine which flowed at the wedding feast was the innocent blood of her murdered patriots. Her heart could not be won—it was betrayed. She was forced into an unsought alliance ;

and her heartless wooer having bribed, banished, or killed her friends, gave her his hand in union, stained with her blood and dripping with her tears. As yet there has been no honeymoon—no sweet interchange of confiding love. Petitions have been presented for a divorce; but as he is the tribunal to which the appeal is made, fears are entertained that they will be rejected.

No nation has suffered so much, for so little in return, as faithful Ireland. While Scotland was selling her king, and England erecting the scaffold for his execution, Ireland stood firm to her loyalty, in defense of the lawful sovereign; but the people that rule her destiny have strangely called these acts of loyalty, rebellion, and their own rebellion, loyalty. The history of Ireland is not the history of her own people, but a recital of the cruelties of her oppressors. Her lands were parceled out to foreigners by spoliation. Even Meath was taken from the native princes, and Tara, where St. Patrick preached, where Brian reigned, and where the harp of Erin once shed the soul of Music through its storied halls, was desecrated by Norman upstarts, who murdered the rightful owners, for disputing their claims to what did not belong to them. Brutal murders, and insults to females, were justified because the victims were "*mere Irish*." Laws were made then, and are practised now, that when the Irish have worn themselves out with labor in England, they should be sent home to starve on a shore still dear to them, though desolated by foreign oppression and misgovernment. In the reign of Henry VI., a law was enacted compelling Irishmen to keep out of England. Ireland would have been happy, had a law been made to keep Englishmen out of Ireland. But native Englishmen, from the highest office of Lord Lieutenant, to the lowest livery servant, are eating up the substance, while they are slandering the character of Ireland. Churches have been burned, and the perpetrators, when brought to trial, have pleaded in their justification, that they supposed the bishops or priests were in them. The catalogue of Christian churches

burned in the eighteenth century, under the dishonored name of Protestantism, is enough to cover any nation, or any religion, in disgrace. I hope, that while we profess to be a Christian people, we shall never lay unholy hands upon temples dedicated to the service of the living God, nor add blasphemy to crime, by claiming that these acts are done for the glory of that religion which we should thus dishonor. We have had too much cause to fear it, yet we hope that public opinion will stamp its eternal anathema upon such barbarity. Let the monument of Bunker Hill no longer overlook the blackened monument of barbarity on Mount Benedict, casting a gloom around the scenery which should be exclusively consecrated to the genius of liberty and toleration.

In Ireland, extirpation has been preached for gospel, and murder for salvation. Sages sat in council to frame laws for preventing the growth of popery; but popery grows in Ireland as naturally as potatoes. Whether the religion of Ireland is right or wrong, she is at least constant in her attachment to it. "The curse of Cromwell" could not make her waver. Though the Catholic priests were hunted as foxes, they still stood by their flocks, not counting their lives dear to them. All other sects, while fighting with each other, entered into a *holy alliance* to kill the Catholic for the glory of God and the good of religion. The day that Ireland was humbled, and her brave native troops conquered by foreign soldiers, who sold their blood and sinews to the highest bidder, has been made a day of jubilee. I give no opinion on the Catholic religion, I only state a historical fact, when I say that the Catholics of Ireland have ever been the patriots. Protestants have always, as a body, except in 1783 as volunteers, fought against the liberty and independence of Ireland. Through all the dark history of Irish oppression, we defy the libeler to point to a single martyr made by the Irish Catholics, except in self-defense, which God and nature justify them in doing. We defy him to point to a single ungenerous act. A fallen foe was never insulted. The female sex was inva-

riably respected. We defy the enemies of Ireland to show where a female was insulted, even in the sack of cities, by Irish Catholics. But their revilers cannot say as much for themselves.

Ireland is not what Providence designed her to be, but what tyranny has made her. Her history has been defiled: the pen has been dipped in the gall of falsehood, but the red blood of the calumniated victim reddens the record which the historian would fain make black. Though the robber is now revered, and the patriot sleeps unhonored in the grave, yet this state of things should not, *cannot* last. It is time that Emmet's epitaph was written, and you know that it cannot be written while Ireland is in bondage. The plagues of Egypt have been necessary to open the hearts of tyrants, and when necessary they have come. England's national debt was first begun by attempts on Ireland's liberties; it was fearfully increased in forging chains to bind this country, and it may yet be used as a self-made instrument to punish her for her sins, unless she repents and brings forth the fruits of repentance. Ireland, insulted by the ignorance, plundered by the rapacity, and slandered by the malice of her oppressors, will yet be "great, glorious, and *free*." Streaks of light are heralding the morning of her glory. Matthew and O'Connell are the moral levers by which she has been elevated. Father Matthew is making materials for O'Connell's hands to form into a free people. The great temperance apostle is second only to the saint in whose name we are this day assembled. Whiskey has been a withering curse to Ireland. The "coiled and leaden serpent," "the worm of the still," have poisoned more people than all the snakes in America could have done. When Irish and ardent spirits are mingled, an effervescence of brick-bats and shillelahs may be expected. But Father Matthew, though some have sneered at him as a Catholic, asking, like their predecessors of old, whether any good thing can come out of Nazareth, will continue his glorious Reformation, till Ireland is freed from these venomous things.

I cannot in justice close my remarks on Ireland, without making an observation on a theme too much overlooked—I mean the character of Irishwomen. Good as some of the traits in the character of Irishmen are, the daughters of Erin are more remarkable for their virtues. You may search the world, and you cannot find a nation where the female character is so admirable, in spite of so many disadvantages. I might mention their tenderness, care, and fidelity at the dying bed; I might mention their undying attachment to the children even of strangers committed to their care; I might mention their virtues, which cast a halo of glory around the poverty through which they struggle, still keeping an unblemished reputation; and might appeal to Americans, who know and acknowledge that these things are so. Aye, and I might mention their beauty too, without charge of flattery. But lest my word might be doubted, I shall give you a portrait drawn by a master hand, of an Irish lady of the olden time, and can assure you that you might find many copies in the same country, in our own day.

Fingal, hearing that his son Ossian, the Poet and Warrior, was attached to a lady of Caledonia, thus remonstrated in favor of an Irish girl:—"My son, of the noble line of Heremonian Heroes, thou gallant descendant of Erin's kings, the down of youth grows on thy cheek; martial renown is loud in thy praise; Romans fear thee—their eagles were dazzled by the lightning of thy spear: they flew before thee like timid birds before the hawks of Leinster. Is it in the morning of thy fame, bright with the sunbeams of martial glory, that thou wouldst ally thyself with the daughter of the Pict, and thus sully the royal purity of Milesian blood? Thy country is proud of thy exploits, and the royal virgins of Erin sigh for thy love. Cormac's bards sing of the deeds of thy bravery in the strife of the mighty. O then, Ossian of dulcet harmony, listen to the voice of thy father. Albanian maids are fair, but fairer and lovelier are the chaste daughters of thine own wave-washed Isle of wood-crested hills. Go to thy happy Isle, to Branno's

grass-covered field. Ever-Allen, the most brilliant gem in the diadem of female loveliness, the trembling dove of innocence, and the daughter of my friend, deserves thy attachment. The pure blood of Milesius glows in her guileless heart, and flows in her blue veins. Majestic beauty flows around her as a robe of light, and modesty, as a precious veil, heightens her youthful charms. She is as lovely as the mountain flower, when the ruddy beams of the rising sun gleam on its dew-gemmed side. Go take thy arms, embark in yonder dark-bosomed ship, which will soon bear you over ocean's foam to green Branno's streamy vales, where you will win a pure virgin heart, that never yet heaved with a sigh of love. For thee the vernal rose of passion will first effuse its sweetness through her sighs, and blush in all its beauty on her cheek."

But though much more might be said upon Irishmen at home, yet, as time hastens, let us look, for a few minutes, at the Irishman in this country. We have dwelt at length upon that side of the picture where Irishmen and St. Patrick appear; let us cross the Atlantic, and view the side where Washington and Montgomery are seen.

Seventeen hundred seventy-six was a wonderful era in the history of the world. It was the day of Washington, Montgomery, and Jefferson, for America; and for Ireland, it was the morning of her Grattan, her Curran, and her Emmet. But though liberty, in Ireland, was taken from the cradle which Grattan rocked, to an early grave, over which he wept, yet, as sure as to-morrow's sun will rise, there will be a day of glorious resurrection. In the mean time, we meet here, under the auspices of young liberty, whose cradle was rocked by many of the countrymen of Grattan, to rejoice over Ireland's glory, and to weep over her fall. But the question has been more than once asked, "What business have Irishmen to come here?" I shall attempt an answer, if not even now too late.

This country owes its present position in the world, chiefly to the three following causes: 1. The DECLARED determination to be INDEPENDENT. 2. The valor of her army and navy,

in sustaining that Declaration of Independence. 3. Her internal improvements and productive wealth. Have Irishmen, then, been instrumental in producing any or all of these three causes of our present proud position in the world? Among those who signed that immortal instrument, the Declaration of Independence, I might mention several, who were born in this country, and therefore native Americans, whose parents had come from Ireland a short time before their birth. EDWARD RUTLEDGE, a signer from South Carolina, was the youngest son of Doctor John Rutledge, who emigrated from Ireland a few years before Edward was born. The republican principles instilled into his young American heart, warmed by Irish blood, fitted him to take a prominent stand in urging Independence on South Carolina, a great many of whose inhabitants, particularly those in the mercantile interest, were opposed to an open rupture with the mother country. The principles which he advocated prevailed, and he, after signing his name to that instrument, was elected to the office of governor of the State, and was also appointed Senator in the United States Congress. THOMAS McKEAN, a signer from Delaware, was the son of Irish parents. He performed important services, both in Congress and in the army, and was afterwards governor of Pennsylvania for nine years. GEORGE READ, of Delaware, a distinguished signer, was likewise the son of Irish parents. Nor would I forget to mention that Irish blood flowed in the veins of THOMAS LYNCH, Jun., of South Carolina, and warmed the heart of CARROLL of Carrollton, who, to use the slang of the present day, was a Jesuit; for he studied six years at the English Jesuits' College at St. Omer's, (where O'Connell, in more modern times, was educated,) and one year at the French Jesuits' College at Rheims. He was the last lingerer on earth of that glorious band of patriots, whose actions blessed the world, and whose fame adds glory to the skies.

But there are other signers of the Declaration of Independence, who were not only sons of Irishmen, but Irishmen

themselves. MATTHEW THORNTON, of New Hampshire, was a native of Ireland. He was appointed first president of the government formed in that Province on the abdication of Governor Wentworth, and occupied the highest offices in the gift of the people of New Hampshire, and was one of the three signers from that State. GEORGE TAYLOR, a signer from Pennsylvania, was born and educated in Ireland. Though the son of a clergyman, in his native land, he came to this country without money and without friends, and, on his arrival, was sold to a Mr. Savage, for money to pay the expenses incurred in carrying him to this country. He rose gradually from obscurity, and after the death of Mr. Savage, married his widow and inherited his property. In 1776, when the vote was taken by the delegations from the several colonies, that from Pennsylvania had only one in favor of declaring this country's independence, owing to the prevalence of the pacific principles of the distinguished founder of that colony. A new election was therefore necessary, in the places of those opposed to hostilities. Two Irishmen, among others, were appointed, of whom Taylor was one. The other was JAMES SMITH, who emigrated to Pennsylvania while quite a young man. Mr. Smith was not only distinguished among the supporters of the Declaration of Independence, but he had the honor of organizing the first company of volunteers raised in Pennsylvania for opposing the British. This was the beginning of that band of heroes, called *the Pennsylvania Line*, who, in the language of the London Morning Chronicle, "fought most bitterly against the English army," and, as appears from evidence taken before the British House of Lords, their number was about twenty thousand. This Pennsylvania Line, as may be seen in one of Mr. Madison's letters, published in the Madison papers, complained of abuses and hardships to which they were subjected; and though, while in a mutiny in New Jersey, they had offers, made by a British agent, of full pardon from his majesty, if they would leave the government which had thus wronged them, they refused the offer

with indignity, choosing to cling to the country which, in their opinion, had insulted them, rather than receive the favor of a monarch, at the expense of their adopted country's independence. In bringing about the revolution in the sentiments of the people of Pennsylvania, Col. Smith was one of the most active and influential agents. He signed the Declaration of Independence, after he had brought the minds of the people to coincide with the measure, and he raised up a brave soldiery, chiefly his own countrymen, to shed their blood in its defense.

But there was one who, though not a signer of the Declaration of Independence, must not be forgotten here. CHARLES THOMSON was an Irishman. He came to this country with his three brothers, and when the first Continental Congress assembled in 1774, was chosen Secretary of that venerable body. He continued to discharge the duties of that office for fifteen years. Having sat in council with the fathers of this Republic till its Independence was declared, till its battles were fought, till its Constitution was adopted, and till he had the honor—the highest ever Secretary had—of announcing to George Washington that he was unanimously elected chief magistrate of a free people, he resigned his office, in 1789. When elected Secretary of Congress, he was forty-four years of age; but Providence blessed him with a long life, that he might see the fruits of his labors ripen. For half a century after the first Congress assembled, he remained among a grateful people. In 1808, he published a translation of the Septuagint, in four volumes; and died in the full enjoyment of his faculties, at the age of ninety-four. I think, therefore, that these facts are sufficient to show that Irishmen had something to do with the Declaration of Independence.

But besides declaring this country free, it was necessary to sustain that declaration. Did Irishmen assist in this? In the army, I need scarcely remind you, that Montgomery was an Irishman. On your banner he is represented as delivering to America the record of his services, while Ireland points with pride to one who had done so much for the cause of freedom.

Though Montgomery had resolved to retire from public life, and devote himself to rural pursuits on his farm in Dutchess County, New York; yet Congress saw that the services of such a man were wanted, and he was therefore appointed brigadier general. After receiving information of his appointment, in writing to a friend he said, "The Congress having done me the honor of electing me a brigadier general in their service, is an event which must put an end for a while—perhaps for ever—to the quiet scheme of life I had prescribed for myself. For though unexpected and undesired by me, yet *the will of an oppressed people, compelled to choose between liberty and slavery, must be obeyed.*" He did obey; and owing to the sickness of General Schuyler, the chief command of the northern department of the continental army devolved on Montgomery. You all know his melancholy fate in 1775, at Quebec, where he had fought under Wolfe in 1759, as a British officer. But as long as a love for valor and patriotism remains, General Montgomery will not be forgotten.

Many others, among the most honored of the Revolutionary leaders, were Irishmen; but on the present occasion, I cannot even glance at their history. In both our wars with England, they have remembered their oppressors, and have fought manfully for the land of their adoption. In 1783, Mr. Gardiner, afterwards Lord Mountjoy, said in the Irish Parliament, that "England had America detached from her by Irish emigrants." The late Dr. Mac Nevin says that one of the prettexts for refusing emancipation to the Irish Catholics, was the fact, that *sixteen thousand* of them fought on the side of America. The Pennsylvania Line, as I have said, included a great many Irishmen, of whom a large proportion were Presbyterians, from Ulster. The navy of America, likewise owes much of its fame to Irishmen, both in the first and second war with England. Commodore John Barry, an Irishman, was the father of the American Navy. After serving in the Revolutionary War, he superintended the building of the frigate "United States," of which he was afterwards commander.

When hailed by a British frigate, "What ship is that?" he replied, "The frigate United States, saucy Jack Barry, commander, half Irishman, half Yankee—who are you?" During the Revolutionary War, when the ice prevented his movements in the navy, he fought in the army, rather than remain inactive. Captain Johnston Blakeley, commanding the *Wasp*, was an Irishman. The *Reindeer* and the *Avon*, of the British navy, struck their colors to this brave, but ill-fated vessel. The gallant crew, with their daring commander, were lost at sea soon after the engagement with the *Avon*.

If any thing more was necessary to prove that Irishmen were distinguished in sustaining what Thornton, Smith, and Taylor had declared, I might refer to the commanders of the army and navy in all our struggles, for their opinions on the services rendered by Irishmen to America in her hour of need. I shall quote but one sentence from Col. Johnson's speech, delivered at Lexington, Kentucky, a few weeks since. Gallant old Tecumseh says: "I have, with some of you, my fellow-citizens, fought by the side of the Irishman in the ranks of liberty, under the star spangled banner, against the Christian oppressor, as well as the savage foe. I have fought under the bird of Jove—the abiding eagle—by the side of the sons of the Emerald isle. I have seen the Irishman fall in the ranks, and thank his God that he had one life to give to the cause of American freedom, and regret that he had not another life to lose for her sake. I have witnessed many an instance of their bravery in the field, and I know this country is largely indebted for its liberties to the brave and warm-hearted Irish, who never gave up a post but with their lives—who were never in any engagement shot in their backs. I have great confidence in the Irish people. * * * * Blood is the price that is sometimes paid for liberty; and if blood is to be shed for that sacred cause, there is no men on earth more ready to shed their blood at its sacred shrine, than Irishmen." This is the character which the Irish soldier and sailor have hitherto sustained, and if called upon now, they would prove themselves

worthy of confidence again. The Irish alone, who are now in this country, can defend the land of their adoption against the power of England, without shedding a drop of native blood, and they would be glad to do it, if the cause of liberty demanded it. The Broadway dandy and the modern ladies'-man, would make poor food for cannon. The hardy laborers of Ireland, who seize the forest in their iron grasp, and level it to the earth, are the kind of men upon whom America must depend for the soldiery who are to encamp on the cold ground in a winter campaign, and in the morning arise from sleep, refreshed, to battle for liberty.

The third cause of prosperity, is our internal improvements and productive wealth. Do Irishmen assist America in this respect? The Irish are the real productive class of our citizens. They may be poor, but they usually bring with them some valuable addition to the riches of America. If they own nothing else, they at least bring with them an honest character, a good heart, and a sound constitution, which are far better than gold. They come not here as some other foreigners do, to hunt for fortune without deserving her smiles, to cultivate mustaches, or to live upon their neighbors' toil, without rewarding them in return. They seize the axe, and tame the forest; they dig the canal, and a stream of wealth follows them; they blast the rocks, and lead the railway through the mountain and over the valley. There is no shifting off the burden from their own shoulders. They come to this country not in search of adventures, but in search of work, and having found it, they go to it with right good will. The skeleton of this great country has been made by Irish hands. They have placed upon it those iron ribs and those veins and arteries of wealth and commerce. Their shoulders have carried the brick, their sweat has moistened the mortar, of which our cities have been constructed.

If, then, the Irish were distinguished in getting our Independence declared; if they were distinguished on the battle-

fields, where it was sustained ; and if they are now the chief dependence of the country for the toil and hardship by which national prosperity is secured ; I think we may justly come to the conclusion, that Irishmen have an inalienable right to the honor and blessings of American citizenship—that they are the most valuable part of our population.

But Irishmen have other claims to the respect which is due from this country to its early benefactors. They probably knew this continent six centuries before Columbus saw it. Its history since, is the record of their labors. Berkeley left opulence and comfort to toil here in want and misery for the cause of American literature ; whose memory shall not be forgotten while Yale and Harvard stand to perpetuate the fame of an Irishman. Graham, Emmet, Mac Nevin, and Porter, with a list of eloquent divines, learned professors, distinguished lawyers, and able writers, sons of Ireland, have done honor to the American name. The great Edmund Burke would have been an American citizen, only for the tears of an aged father, who could not part with a beloved son. The Irish may well feel proud of the services which they have rendered to America ; and the sons of Irishmen need not fear that their character will be unknown, while such men as Andrew Jackson, John C. Calhoun, James Buchanan, and other distinguished Americans, are of their number.

But it is said, that Irishmen are not patriots, because they leave their native country. Go tell that story over the graves of the pilgrim fathers ! Their honored ashes will bear witness against you. Native land ! There is something endearing in the word. Marathon, Thermopylæ, Clontarf, and Bannockburn, were the altars on which pure and fervent hearts have been sacrificed to the Deity of Native Land. But will any one say, that Irishmen do not love their native land, because they love America too ? No. There is no people in the world more devoted to the land of their birth. Persecution and poverty, time and space, cannot make them forget their

own sweet "gem of the sea." Irish love cannot be calculated by mathematics. The pilgrims, who were foreigners here, were as pure patriots as their sons, who revile and persecute foreigners. The Irishman and the pilgrim had the same object in view, in coming to this country—freedom from persecution and oppression. The pilgrim and the Irishman have labored with their own hands to level the forest and turn the wilderness into a garden. Those who oppose foreigners have been enjoying the fruits of the pilgrim's and the Irishman's labors, while they are slandering the character of both. They are the drones of society, *nati consumere fruges*, while those who toil for the benefit of the country are denounced as traitors and enemies. Irishmen here are *Americans* by choice. They are Americans, not because they grew up, like the trees of the forest, on their native soil ; but because they loved America, and preferred her as their home. And though persecutions and oppressions may have urged them to it, yet their love of liberty and of her chosen land was sufficient to break the ties that bound them to kindred and to home. Native Americans are citizens of this Republic at no sacrifice. Irishmen have become American citizens by rending ties dear as life ; but neither these nor the waves of ocean, though often tempest-tossed till amid their hoary strife the exile finds a final home, could keep them from the land of their love. It is foolish and unjust, then, to say that Irishmen could ever think of injuring this country, which is the land of their choice, the home of their exiled friends, the last refuge of their friendless and insulted country.

Several important questions, in law and politics, have been agitated, owing to the presence of Irishmen and other emigrants in this country. The question is debated even in this age, whether a man can expatriate himself. Those who believe that man is a part of the soil on which he is born and dies like a vegetable, will deny the right of expatriation. But those who believe that man is his own master, and no man's

vassal; who believe that no man can take another's liberties away, or bind him to institutions which he detests, will grant the right of expatriation and locomotion. Plain as the right appears to be, yet it is contrary to English, and even to American law. The old feudal doctrine of *perpetual allegiance*, still remains in force. In 1807, George III. issued a proclamation, recalling from foreign service all seamen and seafaring men who were natural born subjects of Great Britain, and commanding them to return home under fear of pains and penalties. During our last war, several naturalized citizens of this Republic were taken prisoners, and would have been executed as traitors, only for the interference of Mr. Madison. In the case of the *Ann*, (1 Dodson Reports, 221,) Sir W. Scott contends for the principle of perpetual allegiance. The *Ann* was captured under American colors, in the river Thames, in August, 1812. The master of the vessel had been admitted a citizen of this Republic about sixteen years before, and yet the judge said, "He is born in this country, [England,] and is subject to all the obligations imposed upon him by his nativity. He cannot shake off his allegiance to his native country, nor divest himself altogether of his British character, by a voluntary transfer of himself to another country;" and yet though this language was used to prove that the master of the vessel was a British subject, the same authority decided that his property should be forfeited, because he was a naturalized citizen of America. This is the English law, therefore, that a natural born subject of England cannot throw off his allegiance, though he may have his property condemned;—that he still owes allegiance to a government which in return does not owe him protection. This, the most foolish and anti-republican doctrine of English common law, is still the law of these United States. Chancellor Kent says of the naturalized citizen, that "if there should be war between his parent state and the one to which he has attached himself, he must not arm himself against the parent state, and if he be recalled by his

native government he must return, or incur the pain and penalties of a contempt." This, then, is *American law*, that every naturalized citizen of this Republic may be called home by the parent governments, and that we must obey, or meet the fate of traitors. We are told that America would retaliate, by taking life for life, if England should hang any of our naturalized citizens ; but it would be foolish to take up arms against a doctrine which our judges lay down as the law of the land. In 1795, the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, in the case of *Talbot vs. Janson*, recognized this doctrine. In 1797, Chief Justice Ellsworth, of this State, in the case of *Isaac Williams*, laid this principle down as the law of the land. Justice Story, in 1822, speaking in behalf of the Supreme Court of the United States, gave an opinion favorable to this doctrine, so repugnant to the principles of a free Republic. This old, feudal, and barbarous doctrine is still a living principle of *American law*, laid down by our commentators, and confirmed by the decisions of our highest courts.

Irishmen have given their allegiance with their hearts to this country ; the law which would sever their attachment to America, should be repealed by act of Congress. They are *bona-fide* citizens of this country—citizens, too, according to laws made by the supreme power in the American government. If we still *owe* allegiance to the parent state, why do our naturalization laws compel us under oath to *renounce* it ? Why make laws by an American Congress which an English monarch may trample on with impunity ? A war may arise between this country and Great Britain at no distant day. If such should be the case, Irishmen would arm against England, and would not return home, even if recalled under fear of pain and penalties for a contempt. The contempt would be mutual. The memory of oppression, which is all that Irishmen owe to England, would nerve every Irish arm to strike for liberty at every blow. Irishmen fought for this country of old, against England, and they would do so again, in defiance

of threats from a power which would rule them with a rod of tyranny at home, nor suffer them to enjoy liberty abroad. It is bad enough to be born under misgovernment, without owing to it, and to consequent rags and misery, perpetual allegiance.

Congress should at once pass a law repudiating this doctrine. I know that an American Congress cannot change English law, but it can withdraw the sanction of this country from a principle so unjust to her naturalized citizens. Irishmen would be compelled by our laws to take up arms in defense of their country, as their hearts would prompt them to do. Surely the flag under which they are called to fight, owes them protection; yet it could not shield them without violating American law. Till Congress shall pass an act, denying that such a doctrine is acknowledged by America, no Irishman should enter either the army or the navy of this country. I know that this country would protect her citizens, whether native or adopted, but if England should hang any that she might take prisoners, I see not how we could complain, as they would be executed with the sanction of American jurists. Irishmen want to have this law abrogated—they do not care so much about their safety. They want, in the first place, to have our laws right, and they will live to uphold them, or die to defend. — Our government should show to the world, that this country, in its intercourse with other governments, will not recognize such a principle. Till such an act is passed, our naturalization laws are worse than mockery.

Another question has been discussed, owing to the fact that Irishmen are mostly Catholics, whether that religion is incompatible with free institutions. Being educated in the rigid principles of old Scotch Presbyterianism, I should once have argued in the affirmative of this question. When I came to this country, I was as great a bigot as ever lived, and I gloried in my shame. But I had not thought much for myself at that time. So thoroughly am I ashamed of my opinions and actions then, that I will not be held accountable for them. It

was not till after my arrival here, that I began to think for myself; and for the liberality of my views at present, I ascribe all the credit to the influence of free and tolerant institutions, on even a prejudiced mind. I acknowledge my fault with sorrow; and yet with satisfaction too, when I know that I cannot be guilty in this respect again. I have made up my mind, after examining for myself, and neither the persecution I may meet from old friends, nor the unpopularity which certainly follows a frank avowal of tolerant principles, can move me from my position. I am ashamed of the opinions which I formerly held, but not ashamed to forsake and confess them, and if doing *penance* will help me along, I am willing to endure reproach and contumely, to atone for my former sins. The principal cause of the change in my feelings, was the reflection that I had despised the real benefactors of my native country. When I looked at the history of Ireland, I saw that Irish Catholics still fought on the side of Ireland. I found them arrayed in battle against foreign tyranny, under Sarsfield and Emmet, and all the other Irish patriots. I found them uniting cordially with Protestants as volunteers, when Protestants for once arrayed themselves on the side of Ireland. On the contrary, I found Protestants fighting, not to free, but to plunder Ireland. I found them supporting Cromwell, who acted in Ireland more like a fiend than a man. I found them joined with hired myrmidons from Germany, who fought for William, against the native prince and against the native army of the land. I found that Protestants rejoiced over the desolating march of these hired butchers, who, like the Hessians in the American Revolution, sold their blood and services for money, to crush the persecuted few who were fighting for their country. I found that Protestants ridiculed Ireland's Apostle, and sneered at the memory of Curran, Grattan, Fitzgerald, Emmet, Tone, Mac Nevin, Sampson, and all the other patriots of Ireland, whom tyrants have called traitors. I professed myself an Irishman, and yet there was nothing to be

proud of in Ireland's history, but what my fellow Protestants despised; and I came to the determination either to deny that I was an Irishman, or acknowledge that my political creed was different from that of the Protestant ascendancy in Ireland. But oh, Ireland! if I ever deny *thee*, may my tongue be silent, and my hands fall powerless by my side! I had, therefore, no alternative, but to acknowledge what I knew to be true, that the Irish Catholics have always been true patriots, and that Protestants, though very good Englishmen and Scotchmen, with a few honorable exceptions were bad Irishmen. In saying this, I give no opinion on the Catholic religion—I only state what I believe to be historical truth. I could not hold to the politics of Irish Protestantism, unless I was to deny that Irishmen ever had a name that they should be proud of; unless I was willing to fall in with the attempts, at one time to ridicule St. Patrick, at another time to deny his existence, and at another time to assert that he was a Protestant. That Patrick was a Protestant, I cannot believe, even on the authority of Usher, unless I believe that Protestants acknowledge Rome as their supreme see, celebrate mass, immolate the host, offer prayers for the dead, believe in a middle state of existence after this life, pray to the virgin Mary and other saints, fast on particular days of the week, perform pilgrimages, and believe in absolution and auricular confession; for such was the faith of the followers of St. Patrick.

But, viewing the subject in an unprejudiced light, let us inquire whether Catholicism is repugnant to free institutions?—whether our liberties are in danger by the increase of Popery in our land? In this country we profess to be very liberal in our opinions, and to advocate a full toleration of all religious denominations; and yet I think I may safely assert, that Catholics have suffered persecution in this free country, and are still suffering, from a profession of their faith. Civil disabilities do not, in this country, follow *by law*, but they follow *in fact*, a certain kind of religious belief. I know that many

Protestants would vote against a Catholic, and for his Protestant opponent, all other things being equal. It is not many years since, in New England, the Pope and the Devil were associated together, and a pious Puritan drew but short breath in presence of a Catholic. The prejudices brought over to Plymouth by the Puritan associates of Cromwell, have not been banished from the minds of their descendants. However much I admire some traits in the character of the Puritans, I may safely say, that they had a great many strong prejudices, which sometimes developed themselves in persecuting and hanging those who did not agree with them in their peculiar views. A good old lady in this city, asked me, soon after my arrival here, whether I was a Catholic; and learning that I was a true blue Presbyterian, she thanked God that I had not come to burn her up! A very amiable and accomplished lady, in New York city, lives in the constant fear that the Catholics will gain power in this country, and bring back the inquisition. When I visit that city, I always try to alleviate her sufferings, by pledging my life for hers. I doubt whether a more intolerant transaction ever took place in any Catholic country, than happened in this city, not a year ago, where a young man, who had said, while engaged in a warm controversy on the merits of Catholicism, "I'd swear the Catholics are as tolerant as the other sects," was solemnly impeached and tried for *profane swearing*!! To the honor of the tribunal before which he was brought, I believe the Reverend plaintiff lost the suit. What was done with the case afterwards, my curiosity did not lead me to inquire. I suppose, however, that the charge was changed from *false swearing* to *flat burglary*, and then Dogberry, of course, would pronounce the defendant guilty.

But Protestantism has been as intolerant, whenever it has had the power, as Catholicism. Surely, Henry VIII. and Elizabeth were as intolerant as Mary of England, or Mary Queen of Scots. In England, where Protestantism had the majority,

many martyrs have died at the stake. In Ireland, where Catholicism had the power, there were no martyrs, except those who lost their lives through English misgovernment and oppression. If there was a martyred Ridley, there was also a martyred Servetus. The colony of Maryland was surely as tolerant as any of the New England colonies. I speak only with the voice of impartial history, when I say, that the Catholics in this country have been the warmest friends of civil and religious liberty. While the Puritans of New England and other Protestants were persecuting the unoffending Quakers, the Roman Catholics of Maryland were passing an act which said that "No person within this province, professing to believe in Jesus Christ, shall be any ways troubled, molested, or discountenanced, for his or her religion, or in the free exercise thereof." And thus it was that the victims of persecution and intolerance found an asylum in a Catholic colony. Bancroft, the learned and eloquent American historian, says, "The disfranchised friends of Prelacy from Massachusetts, and the Puritans from Virginia, were welcomed to equal liberty of conscience and political rights, in the Roman Catholic province of Maryland." "From France came Huguenots; from Germany, from Holland, from Sweden, from Finland, I believe from Piedmont, the children of misfortune sought protection under the tolerant scepter of the Roman Catholic."

Had the question been asked, whether Protestantism and Puritanism are inimical to American freedom? we might, with more justice, reply in the affirmative. No Catholic has ever been proved a traitor to American liberty, has ever assisted in burning a religious institution, or persecuted for a difference of religious faith in this country. But Protestants have done all these things. The asylum of freedom in Maryland, reared and protected by Catholics, was overturned by Protestants, as soon as they got the power in that colony. Bancroft informs us, that while "the Roman Catholic was inflexible in his regard for freedom of worship," as soon as Protestant bigotry

gained the ascendancy, "Roman Catholics were disfranchised in the province which they had planted." "They alone were disfranchised on the soil which, long before Locke pleaded for toleration, or Penn for religious freedom, they had chosen, not as their asylum only, but, with Catholic liberality, as the asylum of every persecuted sect. In the land which Catholics had opened to Protestants, the Catholic inhabitant was the sole victim to Anglican intolerance. Mass might not be said publicly. No Catholic priest or bishop might utter his faith in a voice of persuasion. No Catholic might teach the young. If the wayward child of a Catholic would but become an apostate, the law wrested for him, from his parents, a share of their property. Such were the methods adopted 'to prevent the growth of Popery.'" It is strange that a sect which has often trampled on civil and religious liberty here, should so far forget the history of their own intolerance, as to seek a controversy with a religion which, as far as this country is concerned, has been the earliest and best friend of religious liberty and toleration.

The Westminster Confession of Faith, which, as true Presbyterians, we are bound to believe, damns more men than all the decrees which the Church of Rome has ever issued. The famous decree of the council of Lateran was merely a judicial decision on a single case, not applicable to sovereigns in general, and no more authorizes the deposing of sovereigns by the Pope, than the killing of his wives by Henry VIII., imposes the duty of a similar amusement on his followers! The decree of the council of Constance, about which we hear so much, on breaking faith with heretics, is a bungling forgery. And the infallibility of the Pope, which Protestant misrepresentation makes a part of the Catholic faith, is not believed in by the Catholics. Their standard authorities prove the contrary.

But we are told that the Pope and the Priests have too much influence over the world. I rejoice that they have exerted an influence over kings and emperors, that there was a power

on earth which could curb the fiery passions of those who tried to overturn the liberties of mankind; that they who never feared the face of man, nor shed a tear of sympathy over human misery, were brought with faltering step, and bending knee, and beating heart, to bow before the vicegerent of that God, whose poor creatures they had so long insulted. But can the Ministers of God have too much influence? I only wish that our clergy had a little more control over their flocks. If we were more attentive to their teachings, there would be less of crime and misery on the earth. If we would follow more strictly their advice, we should be less wicked than we are. The great fault with us Protestants, is, that our clergy have not enough of influence over us. We profess to believe them as the messengers of God, but infidelity is seen beneath our pretended faith. We say that our Ministers are the messengers of God, and yet we will not permit them to speak as their conscience bids them. They must speak the message of God in such a way that the command will coincide with our inclinations; or if they do not pamper our prejudices, we cashier them, stop their pay, and get more pliant hirelings. This want of respect for the Ministers of God, fills our Protestant ranks with infidels, of which there are few among the Catholics. Why, then, should we try to make *them* infidels too? If they are miserable in this world, let them enjoy the prospect of a blissful immortality beyond the grave. If tyranny has doomed them to misery here, take not away from them that faith which tells them of a home of liberty, where tyrants shall be unknown.

It is said that they cannot be good American citizens, because they acknowledge obedience to a foreign power, and are under the control of the Pope. But it is sufficient to say, that they do not acknowledge the temporal power of the Pope. They obey his spiritual power, and Protestants are guilty here too, because they claim to believe in a power from heaven, which is above that of the United States. Democracy

in politics will do very well; a democratic religion is not recognized in the Bible. No people are more free from foreign influence, than the Irish Catholics. The address of O'Connell, whom they reverence, as Americans reverence Washington, falls powerless, and no one obeys when he tells them to interfere with our domestic institutions: if, indeed, that address is any thing but a forgery, got up to deceive the Irish; but whether forged or genuine, it has had no influence.

The Catholics have been represented in every light. We say that they care not for oaths, and yet test oaths have been sufficient to shut the door of earthly honors in their faces. If we indulge them, it is said they will be traitors, though injustice and insult have failed to make them so. But it is a cool piece of impudence to intermeddle with another man's faith, and calculate his chances for salvation. As Rosseau said to philosophy, so we might say to bigotry: "What pains thou takest to contract the heart, and lessen human nature." Some writers damn without difficulty all the sages of antiquity. Montague, a chaplain of Charles I., was censured by the Commons of England for saying that *virtuous Catholics might be saved*; and many now hold the opinion that no Catholic can be saved. Some, in their holy hatred of Popery, would almost do wrong, if that wrong would only oppose Catholicism. To argue with such persons is no use. Argument contracts their understanding, as light contracts the pupil of the eye. Their faith is as contracted as the neck of a vinegar cruet; their doctrines as sour as its contents. Such men would imitate the Siamese, who blacken their own teeth, because they think the devil's are white!

Would it not be better to live in peace than in continual wars, to reconcile differences rather than seek for new causes of strife? The spirit of the age is driving every thing into extremes: abolition, woman's rights, dietetics, temperance, and every other thing is now driven onward by steam, till the machinery is smashed, and lives lost in the explosion. The early sup-

porters of a cause are soon distanced by hotter heads with less brains, and then the founders are persecuted for not seeing as these upstarts see. Would it not be better to blunt the thorns of grief in this world, than to sharpen them for the next? The time and talent spent in preaching down Popery, might have enlightened the world with science. Better to teach the duties of this life, than to deal out damnation in the next; better to preach "peace on earth and good will to men," than madly force mankind to turn their swords into each others' hearts. The Catholics have not retaliated by getting up crusades against the Protestant religion. What would we say, if they should do to us as we have done to them? What would the Puritans have said, if the Catholics had usurped dominion in their colonies, and suppressed the Puritan worship on the rock of Plymouth, as was done in Maryland to the Catholics? The Catholic religion goes quietly along, without using hard words and denunciations against those who will not believe its faith. It does not live by excitement, as the bigoted itinerants of other denominations do, who depend on the indignation which their foul slander creates, for their notoriety. The tithing men are not employed so much at Catholic chapels, as at Protestant churches. Nor do our Justices of the Peace, who live upon the corruption of society, enjoy such profits from Catholic, as from Protestant meetings, from those whom insolence, under the insulted name of religion, has dragged before the bar for disturbing public worship. In my travels over this country, I have found none more tolerant than the Catholics. I have found them liberal and kind, fixed in their religious belief, yet willing to extend to others the privileges which they claimed for themselves; and by their Priests, I have heard the most tolerant principles advocated.

A friend, whom I shall always love and honor, told me, when leaving home, that he expected soon to hear that I had changed my opinions when I came to America, as others had done. I told him there was no danger. But truth and knowl-

edge are stronger than the chains of early prejudice. Here I stand, to-day, a proof that bigotry can be conquered by the influence of free institutions. I have learned to despise all "sects who monopolize bliss," I have learned to feel for

"The victim of that canting crew,
So smooth, so godly, yet so devilish too ;
Who, armed at once with prayer-books and with whips,
Blood on their hands, and scripture on their lips ;
Tyrants by creed and torturers by text ;
Make *this* life Hell, in honor of the *next* !"

"Enough for me, whose heart has learned to scorn
Bigots, alike in Rome or England born.

* * * * *

Enough for me, to weep and laugh by turns,
As mirth provokes or indignation burns."

Here would "I swear by my soul's hope of rest,
I'd rather have been born, ere man was blest
With the pure dawn of Revelation's light ;
Yes, rather plunge me back in Pagan night,
And take my chance with Socrates for bliss,
Than be the Christian of a faith like this,
Which builds on heavenly cant its earthly sway,
And in a convert mourns to lose a prey ;

* * * * *

Which, while it dooms dissenting souls to know
Nor bliss above nor liberty below—

Adds the slave's suffering to the sinner's fear,
And lest he 'scape hereafter, racks him here."

My creed be "writ on Mercy's page above ;
By the pure hands of all atoning Love"

Be mine, "while round me sects and nations raise
To the one God, their varying notes of praise,
To bless each voice, whate'er its tone may be,
That serves to swell the general harmony."

Another question which has been discussed, is, whether immigration should be discouraged, and the laws of naturalization altered. On this question I shall make two observations: 1st, Immigration cannot be prevented; and, 2d, It would be the greatest folly to refuse naturalization to immigrants who wish to become American citizens. The present

term of five years' residence, is probably the best that can be adopted. Let the term remain settled—let the controversy come to an end. After a proper residence, which experience has shown to be the one now necessary, let them be bound to the Republic by the strong tie of citizenship, and they will live or die for her liberty.

As an Irishman, I feel some hesitation in thus giving my opinion on such a question. Yet it may go for what it is worth. This country I believe in my heart is the ark of liberty for mankind. Any thing that endangers its institutions should be avoided. Are they, then, in danger from Irish votes? If so, I think we would all forego the pleasure and privilege of being American citizens. But how is it possible that Irishmen should try to injure this country, or prove traitors to her? How can they feel otherwise than grateful to a nation which is the asylum of their oppressed countrymen? Infatuated they would be to tear down the building in which they found shelter and safety. They would be worthy of eternal reprobation, who would lop the branches or mar the trunk of the majestic oak, which spreads out its thick foliage as a protection alike from the drenching rain and burning sun. Would it not be more natural that they should be the first to bare their bosoms to receive the dart aimed at its vitals? Ireland is vocal with praises of America and her institutions. The Irish are cradled with hymns of praise in honor of her name. Her praise is the lullaby of the infant, the pride of youth, the glory of manhood. This is the country of their early prayers and constant pride; this the Eden of which in boyhood they dream; this the land for which they leave father and mother and home. In the midst of dashing spray they crowd the forecastle, climb the mast, or point the telescope, eager to catch the first glimpse of the promised land. The Irish emigrants never think that it is a foreign land: they say, in the language of their countryman, that, like Washington, it is "the boon of Providence to the human race."

As a proof of the devotion of the Irish people to America, I might mention that Hackett, the comedian, because he was an American, drew large and enthusiastic audiences in Dublin; while Mathews, the Englishman, confesses that he never had a full house in Dublin but once, and then the people knocked down the door-keeper and got in gratis! When Hackett appeared in Dublin, in the play of Rip Van Winkle, and when the question was asked, "Did you never hear of Washington, the great father of his country?" the whole audience rose with a universal *aye* to the question, and the theatre shook with thunders of applause at the mention of the Patriot's name. And this is the enthusiasm which some politicians propose to meet with dark suspicion, and with the chilling look of distrust. Opposite as are the extremes of character among the Irish, they will make good American citizens. Giraldus Cambrensis said of them, nearly seven hundred years ago, "If an Irishman is a good man, there is none better;" and ungraciously adds, "if a bad one, none worse." This, from a slanderer of Ireland, is saying a good deal. An English Ecclesiastic said, three hundred years ago, that the Irish are a people "of bold and haughty spirit, sharp-witted, lively, prodigal of life, patient of heat and cold and want, hospitable to strangers, constant in their attachment, implacable in their resentment, credulous, greedy of glory, impatient of reproach and injury. It is their greatest happiness to enjoy freedom." Mr. Sadler, a member of the British Parliament, in our own day, says, "The courage of the Irish in the field has never been surpassed; their charity, notwithstanding their poverty, never equaled; their character contains the elements of whatever is elevated and noble." N. P. Willis observes, that "the prominent lines in the Irish character are an undying love of liberty, and an untamed and restless energy of character." Another American traveler expressed his opinion on the strong points of Irish character, by saying, "their hatred is the hatred of murder; their love, the kindness and generosity of another world."

The English army and English navy, about which we hear so much boasting, owe their fame chiefly to the valor and enterprise of Irishmen. The army of England is prosperous, as Ireland is miserable. Dear bread and low wages are the best recruiting parties. Fighting, marching, and starving, are three kinds of amusement in which the Irish excel! The Irish population are healthy and robust, owing to agricultural pursuits, which are attended to in Ireland more generally than in England or Scotland. An English officer of the British Legion, in the Spanish service, remarks: "Had the whole of the Legion been composed of Irish, instead of losing one thousand men at Vittoria, we might not have lost one hundred. In spite of all their hardships, the severity of the weather, the total want of pay, the Irish lived, thrived, and grew fat." Sir E. L. Bulwer, in his "England and the English," says that two thirds of the British army are Irish. In some of the British ships during the wars consequent to the French Revolution, nearly the whole complement of men were Irish. "Transfer," said Mr. Grattan, in 1796, "the Irish seamen to the French, and where is the British navy?" In the same year, Mr. Tone said, "Let it never be forgotten, that two thirds of the British seamen, as they are called, are in fact Irishmen." On Tone's voyage to America, the vessel in which he sailed was boarded by a British frigate, whose crew consisted of two hundred and twenty men, and of these all but ten were Irishmen. Dr. Mac Nevin states that the proportion of Irish in the British navy, in 1807, was about two thirds. Lord Collingwood proposed to the British admiralty to send yearly five thousand Irish boys, from twelve to sixteen years of age, to the British navy, as they made the best sailors.

Some people say that there is much crime in Ireland; but the jails are filled with the victims, not of vice, but of misgovernment. Irish crime arises chiefly from a resistance to what the people consider unjust laws, which they think it is their bounden duty to resist. A committee of the National Repeal Associa-

tion of Ireland, have made out a report, showing the amount of crime committed in England and Ireland, during a short period of observation, immediately preceding the date of the report ; from which we gather the following facts :—In England the number of *murders* was *twenty* ; in Ireland, during the same period, only *eight*. In England the number of cases of *stabbing* was *nineteen* ; in Ireland, during the same time, only *one* ; and the criminal in that case was an Englishman ! Cases of *suicide* in England, *twenty-six* ; in the same time, in Ireland, only *one*, though there are more of the causes which lead to suicide, in Ireland, than in England. The reason which an Irishman gives why he does not kill himself, is, that he would rather commit suicide on any *other person*, than on *himself* ! In several instances, the judge, in place of having prisoners presented to him for trial, has had a pair of *white gloves*, which is the usual gift of the sheriffs of the county, when there are no criminal cases on the calendar. I do not claim that Irishmen are totally free from crime ; but I do say, that no people are more conscientious, more religious, more free from every vice, than the Irish are, even while laboring under poverty, oppression, and every other disadvantage.

Such are the men—such is their enthusiasm for this country—such are their good qualities, both mental and corporeal—and such their courage ; yet these men, who have made England what she is, who won the glorious victories of the Nile and Trafalgar, and who, under an Irish commander-in-chief, acted a noble part at Waterloo, it is said, would not be a valuable population ; and this enthusiasm for America, so natural in Irishmen, must be drowned out with a flood of vituperation. These are the men who must be kept in slavery and want, crowded together on a small Island, while prairies, untrodden and uncultivated, afford room enough for the surplus population of Europe till the end of the world, if it come as soon as some fanatics would make us believe. Rich lands must be kept in wild luxuriance, while we, scattered along the sea-

board, would guard what God has given for man, as the *undisputed territory* of bears and buffaloes. God grant that this country may be protected from all danger. I cannot see that she has any thing to fear from immigrants, *after* they become citizens; but I do see great danger from immigrants in this country who are not naturalized. A body of aliens would be dangerous in our midst, if among us and not of us, if foreigners and not citizens. "Obstructing the laws of naturalization of foreigners, and refusing to pass others to encourage their migration hither," was declared tyrannical and unjust in the Declaration of Independence. Let those who are doing so now, take the language to themselves, or say that the signers of that instrument told an untruth.

The Irish are not bad friends. Who will sooner share their bread with the needy? Who will more readily turn to assist those in distress? Let their faults be forgiven, their virtues cherished, their minds enlightened, and America will find in them, useful friends and honorable citizens. We thank America for what she has done for old Ireland. We thank Colonel Johnson, of Kentucky, for telling the truth so boldly to his fellow-citizens, that America owes a debt of gratitude to Irishmen, who were never shot in the backs on the battlefields of liberty. We thank Governor Seward, of New York, for despising power when bought at the expense of principle, and for daring to plead for justice to Irishmen, in spite of party bigotry. We thank the newspaper press of this country for its sympathy and assistance. We thank the poets of America for invoking the muses to shed their tears over the woes of Ireland. As a society, we thank Pierpont, and Street, and other American poets, who have given their pens to the cause of Ireland and of liberty. But above all, we thank one who is present with us to-day, who has done so much for our society; who, on our first appearance about a year ago, went home and dedicated to us those beautiful lines which appeared in the Daily Herald, and who has spoken and written for us at

every opportunity since. Where so much is due, there can be no suspicion of flattery. I speak only the feeling of every Irishman's heart, when I say, that from the bottom of those hearts we thank our distinguished guest, the poet PERCIVAL.

Though Ireland has been betrayed by both parties in England, who, while they promised her liberty, have been themselves the servants of corruption; yet a brighter day is dawning. Let the tidings go forth, that Ireland is free. Let the language of her own orator be true, as regards herself. Let the soul of Ireland, rising from the sleep of a seven hundred years' political death, walk forth again in her native majesty. Let her "body swell beyond the measure of her chains that burst from around her." Her doom has been pronounced in all the transformations of the English language. Let the altar and the God of intolerance and tyranny sink together in the dust. The hands of freedom must not be shackled—the mind's immortal spring must not be broken. It is as elastic as the voice of Echo, shouting from her own deep dens and beetling hills. Let her stand forth now, before another century writes its record in the book of time, "redeemed, regenerated, disenthralled, by the irresistible genius of universal freedom."

I have thus, my friends, sketched before you the picture of a country, in whose welfare I am heart and soul interested. The subject is one in which Americans, too, must take a lively interest. Our Washington took the cause of liberty under his protection, and crowned it with success. My task has been to dwell upon the same cause, not triumphant, but vanquished. While here we can pay respect to the great father of our country, and pour out from full hearts, thanksgiving on the altar of freedom, it may not be unprofitable to look to another altar of the same divinity, not crowned with rejoicing, but stained with the blood of those who offered up their lives in her service. While we merge all feelings of country, in awarding the highest honor to Washington, still we number in the same army of patriots, Curran, Grattan, and Emmet,

and we claim American sympathy, when we remember that the very same cause which is here called patriotism, is there called treason. While with "bonfires and illuminations" we celebrate their memory here, silent tears over untimely and dishonored graves, are the exercises there. Here, respect and affection are their rewards; there, the scaffold and the dungeon, and the iron entering into their very souls. Washington would have shared the fate of Ireland's patriots, but that under God, his prudence perfected what his courage contemplated. There is a mysterious sympathy between Ireland and America. In 1776, America raised the cry of Independence, which was r  echoed from Irish sympathy, in spite of British threats. In 1783, American Independence was acknowledged by England; in the same year, the Independence of the Irish Parliament was proclaimed by England. But here the parallel must stop. England attempted again to subdue this country, and failed because America forgot party and went for country. England again attempted to subjugate Ireland, and internal divisions and party jealousy among Irishmen, made her too lamentably successful. Freedom, contemplating her heroes in this country, shouts with cheerful voice as she bounds over the free hills of a happy land. "Go sound the loud timbrel:" in Ireland, weeping as she sits amid desolations, she says with sepulchral voice,

"O, breathe not his name."

We have not come to injure our adopted country: Americans by choice, and in spite of opposing difficulties, we will cling to freedom and her laws. We may not have the storied legend of our ancient pride in this new world. We may not claim, as in Ireland, a St. Patrick, or as in England, a saint George. But we have a "land of the free, and a home of the brave." A country to protect, and a treasure to defend; aye, and a saint to be proud of, too—for if there is a *saint George* in heaven, it is **GEORGE WASHINGTON**.

GENTLEMEN OF THE SOCIETY :

I have thus endeavored to bring before you something appropriate for the occasion. Such as it is, I have produced it, though in much haste, with great cheerfulness. Among the few pleasant recollections which I shall carry with me from New Haven, is my connection with you as a Society. It is now nearly five years since I first came to this beautiful City, a poor, friendless being—none who knew me—none within thousands of miles, to whom I could go in the hour of sorrow to unburden my heart. Since then, I have protected myself, though not always successfully, yet manfully, against “the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.” Nothing has cheered me more than the presence of a few honest hearted Irishmen, whom I have met in my daily walks, and in the meetings of your Society. I should like to live among you ; but I find that my stay here will not be long. I have assisted in forming this Society, and have watched over it with care to the present time ; but I may probably never meet you in public again. I shall soon leave this City, where I have spent so many hours of pleasure, not unmingled with pain. I know not where fortune may place me. “The world is all before me, where to choose.” I trust that Providence will be my guide. Wherever I may go, I shall rejoice to hear of your prosperity. Your Society has done great good to the Irish in New Haven. Continue to cherish it. Never let any thing like party strife enter your meetings. Never suspect each others’ actions, but be frank and generous. You owe much to the kind feeling of the citizens of New Haven ; you are much indebted to the press, and to our most learned men, for the beautiful and complimentary pieces they have written for you. I need not exhort you to be grateful in return for these acts of kindness. Your hearts will set that matter right. Wherever I may be, I shall rejoice to hear that the Irishmen of New Haven still stand high in the affections of their fellow-citizens ; and when I shall leave you, to see you perhaps no

more, while I bid you farewell, I shall pray for a blessing upon you, and upon the dear land of our birth. Soon may her harp breathe forth the notes of harmony once more. May her scenery soon be vocal again with the echoes of friendship and love. May a noontide of glory banish forever the memory of former darkness ; soon may her winter be ended ; and the hopes that were nourished through it by her friends, bear rich fruits in her harvest of joy.

NOTES.

Page 10.—In referring to Tacitus, I do not mean the late editions of that author. In modern times, attempts have been incessantly made to take every thing away from Ireland, but misgovernment, which descends to her like an heir-loom. The old editions of Tacitus, say “*Melius aditus portusque, per commercia et negotiatores cogniti.*” A new and barbarous reading transfers the word *Melius* to the preceding sentence, and thereby spoils the latinity of the historian, and shows the pains that have been taken to do injustice to Ireland.

Page 11.—The claim to great antiquity runs through all the history, legend, and poetry of Ireland. Keating tells us that Seth, the son of Adam, visited Ireland with “three fair daughters of the cursed Cain.” Banba was the name of Cain’s eldest daughter, and hence the oldest poets call Ireland the isle of Banba. Noah’s niece Cæsara arrived in Ireland the Wednesday morning before the flood ! Some Irishmen say that the heroes of Homer, &c. were stolen from Irish history. Diomede, son of Tydeus, is only the modern name for Dermot Mac Teddy—(Mac means son.) Achilles, son of Peleus, is only another way of spelling Achill Mac Phaill ; and so with all the other great men of antiquity. Troy, likewise, is only a corruption of ancient Tara !

Page 43.—In the case of *Talbot vs. Janson*, (3 Dallas’ Reports, 133,) the subject of expatriation is discussed. Several petitions have been presented to Congress during the present session, by Mr. Clay and others. As they were referred to the appropriate committees, I expect to see a report on the subject, before Congress adjourns. Every Irishman should petition, till Congress shall have met the question and settled it forever, as far as America is concerned.

TO THE IRISH IN AMERICA.

W. E. ROBINSON proposes to republish, during the present summer, THE GREEN BOOK, by J. C. O'CALLAGHAN, which has been so warmly commended by O'Connell and other distinguished Irishmen. The work was published a short time since in Dublin, at *ten shillings sterling*; only a few copies have reached the United States, and the price of these has been from *three to four dollars each*. Mr. R. proposes to republish the work in the same style with the Dublin edition, making a volume of about five hundred pages, of the most important information to every Irishman, for *one dollar and twenty-five cents per copy*. Where a quantity is taken by a society or agent, they will be sold for *one dollar each*.

At the request of several friends of Ireland, in different parts of the country, Mr. ROBINSON will prefix an Introductory Essay, containing his Lecture on "THE UNION OF ENGLAND WITH IRELAND," which he delivered in many of our large cities during the past winter; showing the miseries resulting from nearly seven centuries of misgovernment, corruption, and oppression; with many curious facts in the history of Ireland's subjugation, collected from various recent and scarce publications.

Orders from societies or agents, addressed to "W. E. ROBINSON, New Haven, Conn.," (post paid,) will be promptly attended to.

The book will not be published till orders for the entire edition are received. There will, therefore, be no extra copies for sale, but such as are ordered before publishing.

IF Editors friendly to the cause of Ireland, who receive a copy of this Oration, will please notice this Prospectus.

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